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HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY KATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Little fair Floss Hair, happy little Floss Hair,
Sings in the meadows her June-time song;
Azure-eyed Floss Hair, glad little Floss Hair,
Rambles, as happy as the day is long.

Brown hair twined with the gold of her tresses,
Low voice joining her merry meadow-song,
Firm hand clasping the white of her fingers,
Two hearts happy as the day is long.

O, little Floss Hair, little glad Floss Hair,
Holding his hand in your life's long song,
Pray that through joyance or weary paining
Love make you happy as the day is long!

Skale the Scout;

OR,

ON THE RED FRONTIERS.

An Indian Story of the Last War with England.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BURR THORNBURY.

SKALE AND WILLIAMS RESCUE A BEAUTIFUL CAPTIVE FROM THE HANDS OF THE INDIANS.

Knowing that the Indian had discovered him as quickly as he the Indian, he did not attempt to silently withdraw and reload his rifle as he otherwise would have done, but noting that his position, there being a huge rock in front of him and a tree in his rear, gave him an advantage over his antagonist, he did not like to abandon it, but sinking down behind his bulwark, and immediately fixing his eyes upon the savage from its side near the base, without the aid of his sight he commenced to recharge his weapon. He had succeeded in getting in the powder, and was in the act of ramming home the ball, when the Indian, who up to this time had remained immovable, and who, perhaps, from some slight but perceptible movement of his enemy's head had conjectured what he was doing—suddenly uttered a shrill whoop and disappeared.

"Thar ye go," cried Simon. "Ye greasy brute, ye might have staid till I war ready for ye. How many o' your painted brothers is about, I wonder." Stealthily abandoning the place he occupied, finishing the loading of his rifle as he went, and looking carefully to its priming, he chose a second defensive position, well knowing that the savage would in all probability not leave the vicinity, as there was no doubt he wanted the carcass of the buck and the white man's scalp. For an hour the scout remained concealed, listening sharply to every sound, watching the motion of every twig and bush, until at last, fearing he was wasting his time, he resolved to venture upon an exploration of the region, though warning himself to exercise the utmost caution. He, therefore, by a sinuous, snake-like motion, keeping his body at all times covered and making no movement of the bushes to reveal his whereabouts, withdrew from the side of the ravine and reached the top of the ridge. Pausing, concealed, to gaze around and to assure himself that his antagonist was not near, he next worked himself with the same cat-like caution to the base of the elevation, and then with a bolder step hastened to the thick woods, intending, by a circuitous route, to cross the stream and come down upon the spot where the savage had first been espied. Now this, as it chanced, was the very programme that the Indian himself had determined to follow, though perhaps this coincidence of thought and desire was not remarkable, since these two human beings, bearing each other deadly hatred, and equally skilled in forest wiles and stratagems, must have acted very much the same from the mere fact of their similar position and intentions. Both had stolen to their places of concealment together, had fired together at the same deer, had discovered each other at the same moment, had watched and waited for each other, and had finally set off, each in search of his enemy. It was not surprising, therefore, that they met on opposite sides of the ravine, not thirty yards apart. The scout saw the savage perhaps a second sooner than he was himself discovered, and that brief instant gave him the advantage, more than compensating for his already partly disabled condition, when they met, as after discharging their rifles at each other, they did in a hand-to-hand encounter. The bullet from Simon's gun struck the savage in the breast, inflicting a terrible but not immediately mortal wound; the ball of his antagonist whistled close to the head of the scout, and buried itself in the trunk of a tree behind him. Drawing their knives the combatants with yells of rage rushed towards each other, and at the bottom of that lonely gorge a desperate struggle ensued. Had the warrior been unharmed, the borderer would certainly have perished, for the former was a singularly athletic and powerful being, and would have soon overpowered his weaker, because already wounded foe; but the life-blood of the savage was already flowing, though he struggled desperately still. His knife had drawn the first blood in the near encounter, but the blade of the scout, driven by his strong left arm, severed the tendons of the right arm of the Indian, and thus disabled, and feeling the effects of his first wound, the warrior relaxed his hold, and with a mighty and despairing groan expired. Finding that his enemy was at last really dead, Simon slowly gathered himself up, wiped the blood and perspiration from his face, and then addressed himself to his late antagonist:

"You war nigh about a match for me, and that's what few o' your color kin say fur theirselves. You war no squaw nohow; and now I 'spose I may hev your top-knot and the buck."

He proceeded deliberately to scalp his fallen foe, hanging the gory trophy in his belt. Securing then the rifle and knife of the dead warrior, he proceeded to the spot where he had left the deer. It was still lying where it had fallen, and he immediately skinned and dressed it.

"It'll be a late breakfust that the Cunnel and his party gits, but I'm thinking they'll 'scuse me for dillydallin' when they learns the facts. And now, Simon, you'd better leave for the clarin', straight. Thar's other o' the red dogs none too far away, and the wunder ar that they haint heard the noise o' this scrimmage a'ready."

Thus apostrophizing himself, he slung a portion of the buck around his shoulders, and carrying both guns, one on his back and the other in his hand, cocked for instant use, he commenced his return to the cabin. The distance, loaded as he was, and greatly exhausted from his recent struggle, seemed much longer than when he came over it earlier in the day. Reaching the border of the cleared space at last, he observed that all was undisturbed and quiet. He approached the door, met by the Major, by whom his coming, long expected, was seen. His appearance was at once a sufficient explanation of his delay. Relieving him of his burden, and noticing his exhausted condition, the young man with a few words of greeting and congratulation, conducted him to a rude couch, while his wounds were at once attended to. His long absence had excited the alarm of the others, and two of the party had gone out to look for him, one of whom soon returned, having found his trail leading to the cabin, and followed it back.

A fire was kindled—a quantity of home-made charcoal found in the cabin being used for fuel after the blaze had been started. Slices of the juicy venison were soon cooked, the first and daintiest piece being carried to the wounded scout by the hands of Isabel herself.

"You shall be served first, Simon, you have richly won the meal." And the old man after vainly insisting that the fair girl should share his repast, ate with the voracity of extreme hunger the delicious food. The others were soon supplied, their long fast giving them wonderful appetites.

"No signs o' Injuns about?" inquired Brace. "Since I started on my tramp, I means. Thar's one yonder in that holler, but thar'll be no more trouble with him ye kin bet. The greasy ba'r, but he pushed me hard!"

Simon narrated in full his exploit, dwelling with grim, border satisfaction on the result, and both complimenting and reviling his dead antagonist. After listening to his rough but graphic recital, his friends, admonished by the adventure that other savages might be prowling near, held another consultation to decide upon their next movements.

CHAPTER XI.

BESIEGED.

It was now afternoon. The fugitives rested and strengthened by their ample meal, concluded to renew their flight immediately upon the return of the second scout, whom it was expected would have come back ere mid day, as such was his positive instruction.

"Something has befallen Scott, I fear," said Colonel Westburn. "He would certainly have joined us ere this had not some serious adventure delayed him."

He'n run a foul o' another red nigger, ye may bet," declared Simon. "Scott Wismer is the man to keep his word, and he's had to stay to fight, for nothin' else could hold him."

"Had we not better go in search of him?" suggested Major Hallowell. "He may be in more need of assistance than you were, Simon."

"Don't worry for Scott," returned the borderer. "He's either safe or dead, but I opine that he'll turn up all right har or thar yet. It would stand us well to look to our own scalps, Cunnel, beggin' yer pardin, seein' I don't command, but this har old log pile ain't a safe place for us to stay much longer, I reckon. I smells danger all around."

"We had better be moving then," decided the Colonel. "Ha! did you hear that?"

The scouts had made a simultaneous exclamation.

"A rifle shot or I'm a greeny," declared Simon Brace.

"And not half a mile away," added his fellow scout. "Hold yer hosses, Cunnel, of ye will a minute or so, and I'll see what that means. It's Scott's gun; I know the old thing's talk."

Saying which he left the cabin, rapidly crossed the clearing in the direction of the report, and plunged into the woods to the assistance of his friend, whom he felt sure was attacked by the Indians. The others awaited the result of his exploration in extreme anxiety.

"Ef the red-skins is thar," said Brace, "it might be to our betterment to stick to this shed awhile longer. To tell ye the clean truth, Cunnel, though I don't want to overskeer the gals, we're in a close corner enny way. For myself, I'm free to say, it wouldn't look doubtful nohow, but hare's Miss Isabel and Milly, and who's gwine to leave them? Ef we takes to the woods, we're nigh about sure to be scalped, and of we stays we'll stand a chance o' roastin in this har heap o' timber. I don't want to daub it dark, but we've got a narrer road to run I knows. But plucks the word, and thar's no a'render while our powder lasts."

"As you say, Simon," spoke Colonel Westburn. "I feel our situation to be in the greatest degree perilous and perplexing—but your spirit is ours, and we will defend ourselves to the last extremity."

"That thar's the talk, Cunnel," responded the scout, heartily.

In a few moments a second rifle-shot, sounding much nearer than the first, startled the anxious watchers.

"A runnin' fight, I swow!" exclaimed Simon Brace, almost delightedly. "Scott kin peg it to 'em. He a rigelar Wetzel to load on the run."

The door of the cabin was unbarred and opened to admit the scouts whose speedy appearance was now looked for.

"Hark!" cried the Major.

Again that terrible whoop which had grown almost familiar to their ears, reached the excited listeners.

"I wonder will Scott head this way?" said Simon. "Or will he try Job Barnsley's game? Ef he thinks the brutes is sure to foller us, which it's like they is, then he'll jine us here. Whoop! thar they comes now, and movin' lively."

From the corner of the woods burst the borderers, evidently making super-human efforts to gain the shelter of the cabin before their pursuers could reach the line of the cleared space for an effective shot.

The Colonel and the Major both grasped their rifles, and sprang to cover the flying men.

"Shoot sure," cried Simon. "It may save 'em well."

It was a moment of breathless and exciting interest. Hardly had the scouts reached the cabin entrance, facing the line of their flight, before the quick-sight of the watching men detected the forms of the pursuing savages. The moment they reached the border of the wood, two sharp reports rang out upon the air—and with a yell of pain one of the Indians bounded suddenly upward and fell dead; another, with a wild spring forward, struck the ground, but instantly regained his feet and limped, howling, back. The rest surprised by this hot welcome, turned, and with a wonderfully quick movement, darted into the shelter of the forest.

"Snakes and snappers!" was the admiring exclamation that burst from the lips of the old scout. "One o' them chaps is done fur, and the other 'll need nussin'. Ho! boys, ye're heated like," he continued, turning to the two men who had just entered. "Been runnin' hev ye? It don't look well to run from an Injun—but sometimes it's kinder handy, to save yer scalp. Did ye stir 'em up well?"

"It didn't take much pokin' o' the bushes to do that thar," answered Scott Wismer. "The woods is full o' the varmints, and they're powerfully easy roused. I'd ha' been in sooner, only I got kind o' holed, and had to trick the dogs afore I could well leave."

"We shall be besieged here, no doubt," said Colonel Westburn. "What was the number of those pursuing?" he inquired of Wismer.

"Not mor'n a dozen, I calkerlate—though, as I've said, thar's more none too far away."

Keeping a close watch in every direction, the little party, now that their prospect of escape had again become so dark, deliberated upon the best plan of defence. It was agreed that their greatest present danger was fire—for when night came, the savages, unless they were strong enough to attempt a direct assault, would in all probability try to burn them out. As the latter operation was more in accordance with Indian modes of warfare, since they seldom expose themselves to open danger when less perilous means will answer their ends—it was with considerable apprehension that our friends thought of the slender facilities they possessed to prevent or extinguish a conflagration. They knew the various devices to which the savages would resort to kindle a fire against the side of the cabin, and as their supply of water was small, with no possibility of obtaining more when it was exhausted, they felt that their only hope was to prevent, at all hazards, the first attempt to fire their shelter.

"Back, all!" suddenly shouted one of the sentinels.

A volley of balls struck against the log walls of the cabin, with an ominous thud, though none of the loop-holes were entered by the bullets.

Major Hallowell sought the side of his betrothed—though it seemed as if she might be the bride of death sooner than of him, he gave her the sacred title of promised wife.

"Isabel, my own," he whispered, "another awful peril confronts us; for your dear sake, how gladly would I live, and yet with you it were not hard to die."

Her tender eyes, in which love triumphed over fear, were lifted with a look of happiness to his. She did not speak, but the soft pressure of her hand, the unspoken thought that glorified her face, were more than words. Heaven, for that brief moment, was in that hut for them, and then the red reality of their surroundings succeeded, and the young soldier turned to the defence.

"Waste no powder, men," the Colonel said; "but if you can bring down an Indian, don't hesitate to fire."

As the attacking party kept well under cover of the wood, no return was given to the volley they sent. It was growing dusk, the night promising to be very dark, as there was no moon, and the sky was already overcast. A wind from the east began to move the branches of the trees, and to moan drearily around the lonely cabin.

A sudden gloom fell upon the unfortunates, and for a time not a word was uttered, each seeming occupied with his own sad reflections. Even cheery old Simon Brace forgot his joviality, and stood grimly watching at one of the openings, his tall figure looking like a picturesque statue of gloomy defiance.

"Of what are you thinking, Isabel?" softly whispered her lover at last, as over her features, at which he had turned occasionally to glance, he fancied an expression of peace had stolen. She started and smiled.

"Of home—of safety—and then, and longer, of you."

"God bless you, my darling."

"I weary of the terrible thoughts that our position arouses; and before I know it, my mind is away to other scenes. Is it not strange?"

"No; it is only beautiful."

"But the awakening is fearful; it gives me a fresh and startling sense of our danger."

"Ah! that is sad. Would that you were in reality among the scenes of which you dream, and only I here."

"Not if you were never to come to me, Earnest—you and my precious father."

"Ay, think of him."

"I do, and of all; but most, Earnest, most, as it is God's holy law, of you."

"My treasure! let me not lose you till I myself am lost."

Twilight, short and dull, now passed away, and deeper darkness settled upon the scene. Not even a star looked from the sky as if to cheer them with its steadfast light; and breaking the oppressive stillness—the words of the lovers were only whispers—Simon Brace found his voice:

"They keeps deadly still—the butchers. They're up to the meanest mischief, and all we kin do is to wait their time. If it rains, and it looks powerful like it, it won't help 'em start their fire. Never say die, I tells ye agin; we'll dodge the scoundrels yit."

Catching the old forest Spartan's spirit of hope and determination, succeeding their late despondency, came a perhaps yet stronger feeling of non-despair than they had before experienced.

"You are a hero, Simon. I am a soldier, yet less worthy to bear the name than you." It was the Colonel that spoke.

"Thar now, that's a pilin' it up rayther steep," replied the borderer, who liked praise as well as he deserved it. "I knows whar I ar, Cunnel, and you don't; that ar's the diff'rence betwixt us. Your place ar with your rigiment, and mine ar in a miser'ble old log pile, surrounded by Injuns, and ready to roast."

"At any rate I shall learn from your example to hope for the best, even in the most trying situations—under the most despairing circumstances."

Another hour passed by. Not a shot had been fired, not a yell given by the besiegers, yet there could be no doubt of their hostile activity. What their plan of operations was would probably soon be developed.

"I'm achin' to know what the thieves is at," said Scott Wismer. "Ef ye'll jest let me out I'll be back in fifteen minutes with the news."

"Do you say that you will venture out?" asked the Colonel, incredulously.

"Sartain, Cunnel; thar's no knowin' nuthin' har."

"But the danger. You would—"

"Easy, Cunnel, if ye please. I hev my plan."

Which was that several shots should be fired from the upper loop-holes on each side of the cabin to drive off any of the savages that might be lurking near. Then the scout was to steal cautiously out, and under cover of the darkness acquaint himself with the doings of the enemy.

The shots were fired, eliciting no response from the Indians.

"Oh, ye're mighty still, ye brutes!" cried Simon Brace. "Ye'll make up for it arter awhile."

The door was softly unbarred and opened; the scout stole silently out, armed only with his hunting knife; and his friends awaited in anxiety the result of his dangerous mission. After he had been absent about a quarter of an hour a single rifle shot was fired—the signal agreed upon for his return to the vicinity of the cabin. After an interval of some minutes another volley was fired from the loop-holes as before, with the same object, and then the door was again opened.

"Hist!" whispered a voice at the entrance. It was the scout. He entered, and the door was quickly closed and barred.

"Well?" said the others, inquiringly.

"They're busy enough, the red dogs," was the reply. "Carryin' brush and faggots livelier nor any woods thief."

"Great heavens! and we are to be burnt out, and shot and scalped as we are forced by the flames to appear!" exclaimed the Major in dismay that was fully shared by the others, excepting, perhaps, the indomitable Simon.

"All we kin do is to fire from the loop-holes about the time we thinks they're lightin' up. They'll start the blaze on the east side, as that ar gives 'em the 'vantage o' the wind. We'll give 'em some trouble with the water, and what next the Lord only knows."

Another half hour passed—a period of the most painful anxiety to our friends. All were prepared for the renewal of active assault by the Indians—not without dread of the fearful event it is true—but wishing it would come speedily, since it must come, that their suspense might be relieved by the excitement of attempted defence.

Entreating all to be perfectly silent, Scott Wismer put his ear to one of the loop-holes and listened intently for some seconds.

"They're at it now," he said at length. "My rifle, Simon, ef ye please."

It was handed to him. Thrusting the muzzle of the piece through the aperture he fired in the direction he supposed the savages were. A startling yell followed the discharge, and then a series of alarming whoops rose upon the darkened air.

"Oh, ye kin talk now, kin ye?" cried Simon. "That ar bullet warn't wasted, Scott. Give 'em another pill."

From a second loop-hole a shot was fired, but the yells of the savages were not renewed.

Suddenly a bright flame was visible through the crevices, and the besieged ones knew the fiendish intention of the assailants was accomplished. A triumphant cry announced their success, and a volley of balls was sent against the cabin walls.

"Down, Isabel, down," exclaimed Major Hallowell, perceiving that she stood in a somewhat exposed position. "A chance shot may reach you. Remain there, I implore you." He pointed to a place of greater safety near the angle formed by the chimney, and then turned in the direction of the flames that now horribly crackling, were evidently making progress. A bucket of water had been poured through the aperture, apparently without effect. Seizing a second vessel, the Major advanced and emptied it over the blaze and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that the flames were being lessened. A third bucket completely extinguished them, though a bullet sent through its bottom somewhat startled the young man as he held it.

"Oh, be careful," cried Isabel, who had heard the crash of the splintered vessel as the ball passed upward. "That was very close." She shuddered as she spoke, for it was indeed a startling sound.

Another period of silence now succeeded, broken by joyous exclamations from the younger scout and the Major, whose quicker ears detected a most welcome sound—the gentle "tip, tip" of the first light drops of the coming rain.

"Oh, God be praised!" cried Colonel Westburn. "It is rain. It may increase and prevent the savages from consummating their cruel design."

And very soon indeed, to the infinite joy of the beleaguered ones, the patter of drops grew louder, till at last a steady shower fell, driven with considerable violence against the cabin by the wind which had now strengthened almost to a gale.

"So far we seem miraculously preserved," said Major Hallowell. "Perhaps our good fortune will attend us to the end."

The Indians as if giving expression to their chagrin and disappointment now broke forth into a sort of howling cry, succeeded by another discharge of firearms, the harmless balls striking here and there against the strong log walls of the cabin. For a while the inmates were safe, as it was impossible for the savages to effect an entrance without a loss of life they would not be quick to incur. But as it was certain that the siege would sooner or later prove successful, the anxious defenders consulted as to the possibility of their effecting their escape under cover of the storm. The attempt would necessarily be most perilous, but to remain would be to be overcome at last. A plan of action, looking toward the secret abandonment of their present refuge, was therefore agreed upon, the execution of which will be narrated in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME ARE SAVED.

The night was as we have said intensely dark. No object could be discerned, and the noise of the storm would cover any sound that might accidentally be made during the necessarily blind movements of the fugitives when they gained the open air. The great danger would be the casual meeting with some of the savages who might be lurking about, but for this the silent knife must be depended upon to remove such obstacles to escape. It was a dismal hour in which to abandon the shelter of a roof for the gloom of the forest, yet that very gloom was a protection, and as our friends had in a measure fortified themselves against the wet and chilliness by a hearty supper of the remaining venison, they felt able to endure the discomforts of a night in the woods.

"How it pains me, Isabel," said her father, "to see you compelled to brave this beating rain, to say nothing of the danger to which we will be exposed. It is very hard for one nurtured as you have been."

"Fear not for me, father, on the first account," was her reply. "I feel I could en-

dure a doubly furious storm without one ill effect resulting if safety could only be ours at last; and Milly is as confident as I of her ability to withstand the rain. Are you not, Milly?"

"Oh, yes," Miss Isabel, "but the screechin Injuns—I'm half dead now with just the thought of them."

"You must be brave, Milly—and silent. Remember your life—the lives of all—depend upon it. Think if you can, less of the peril and more of the possibility of escape. You have borne yourself well of late; you would make an excellent wife for some good frontiersman."

Milly, unobserved in the darkness, blushed. What did her mistress mean? Was it possible that she or any other had suspected the young maid's liking for Tom Williams. That was to be kept an unshared secret—Tom was so old; and yet, poor fellow, wherever he might be, how he would rejoice if he could only be acquainted with the real state of Milly's feelings. Would that he were here to-night was the longing of her heart. How protecting would be his presence—how assuring the clasp of his great warm hand in hers.

"Are we all ready to make the venture?" asked Colonel Westburn.

"All ready," responded Simon Brace, with quiet assurance. "And I goes first to clar the way. We'll more nor likely get separated, but if we does do your purtiest all and some of us will reach the fort with all our har. Hist! now here I goes."

Again the door was softly opened, only darkness showing on the threshold. How cheerless, how appalling the prospect! Simon stole cautiously out, the silence of everything but the elements assuring the others that no foe had been encountered. Major Hallowell and Isabel were to go next.

"Courage!" he whispered as taking her trembling hand they moved forward, perhaps to death. The father followed, guiding the excited Milly, who had again been solemnly cautioned against the slightest outcry, whatever alarm might be given, if she herself were unhurt.

It was a fearful trial to the nerves of the poor girl, yet she struggled bravely, and for a time successfully, against the natural impulse to scream as a relief to her silent terror.

Scott Wismer came last—the rear-guard of the little band—knife in hand, as a more to be trusted weapon than his rifle wet by the blowing rain. With hearts, whose excited beating it seemed to them must almost be heard by their enemies, and which again stood still as some slight sound appeared to indicate the approach of a foe, the four less used to such thrilling climaxes of peril, crept on, while even the stern borderers felt a chill of fear as they stole noiselessly along.

The whole party had proceeded several rods without interruption, when a sudden "ugh" from the difection in which it was supposed Simon was going, startled the others, and intimated that he had run against an enemy. And it was the truth. Some savage, perhaps keen-sighted above his fellows, thinking probably that he detected the stooping forms of the fugitives, and approaching with the object of assuring himself that they were indeed human figures—and it might be those of the whites—had come quite too close to Simon Brace, and the scout found it necessary to use his knife. A struggle, brief it is true, and fatal to the Indian, ensued, but the alarm was given. Milly, no longer able to restrain her fear, uttered a wild scream. The whoop of the savages instantly followed; a number of rifle-shots, fired at random, added to the confusion, and all was loud excitement and dismay once more.

"Oh, God," exclaimed Major Hallowell, clasping tighter the hand that pressed his own in such shrinking terror. "Your father, Isabel; we are separated from him; we must fly alone. Bear up, my poor, terrified one, if you can. Are our sufferings never to end!"

The wood was reached. They struggled blindly, desperately on, as it was only possible to do, until at last, completely exhausted, they sank down, clasped in each other's arms. It was as it happened at the foot of a huge tree, whose trunk shielded them somewhat from the wind and rain, and there in their despair they waited for what next might come.

Taking off his coat and throwing it over the shivering form of his distressed companion, the young man soon had the pleasure of hearing her assure him that she was much more comfortable, and her murmured thanks and unselfish objections he hushed with love's sweet disclaimer of any sacrifice.

"My father, my dear, dear father," she moaned. "Will I ever see him again?"

Her lover soothed and encouraged her with words of hope, and soon a silence followed. Her breathing grew deeper, and there in the desolate rainy woods, she slept the sleep of utter exhaustion—as the soldier does on the battle-field, the worn-out sailor on the drifting wreck.

Slow was the coming of the cloudy dawn. Isabel awoke—from dreams of peace and safety—to the reality of their distressful situation; but a new despair awaited her, for just as they were arising to resume their wanderings—it could hardly be termed more now, for they were lost, the dull gray sky giving no certain sign of the sunrise quarter toward which they might journey—footsteps were heard behind them, and turning they saw five grim savages advancing menacingly toward them. They yielded, as they could but do, almost glad that their misery had this fixed, and, for the present, hopeless limit.

Where meantime were the others?

Dismayed to find that his daughter and Major Hallowell had become separated from him in the darkness and confusion, Colonel Westburn, surrendering the terrified Milly to the care of the younger scout, who had caught up with him, endeavored by quickly shouting the names of the former to elicit a response that might direct him toward them. But in vain. To repeat the call would be dangerous, as the Indians would be led by the sound of his voice toward him—they might already be too near. He, therefore, hoping that with the aid he knew her lover would extend her to the last, she might escape, gave his attention to his individual safety. He did not attempt to go far in the impenetrable gloom, as he well knew that he was quite as likely to go wrong as to go right. Placing himself as he thought beyond the immediate reach of his enemies, he halted in a sheltered spot and waited wearily and anxiously for the dawn. With the first indication of day he resumed his flight, guessing the direction of the river—the Maumee—as best he could. When the sun at length shone out as it did, at an hour which he presumed was near meridian, he rejoiced to find that his course had been nearly the correct one. By the middle of the afternoon the river was reached, and as good fortune had it, there he fell in with a party of scouts on their return from a reconnoisance of the enemy's position. The stream was crossed in canoes, provided beforehand for the purpose, and by sunset, after his many adventures, the Colonel found himself in the fort, safe for the time at least, though a besieging army of British and Indians was before it.

The father was safe, but what were his thoughts as he reflected how sad might be the fate of the daughter! His first effort was directed to obtaining a body of men to undertake the rescue of the missing ones, as the sorrowful conclusion was that they were captives. Volunteers were not wanting, but the situation of the garrison was now so perilous that the commandant, General Harrison, though he sympathized deeply with the distressed officer, was loth to part with any of his force. In a day or two the siege might be relaxed, and then a force should be despatched to learn the fate of the unfortunates. In a day or two! what a long, long time to to the impatient and affectionate father.

During the night there were other arrivals at the Fort—gallant Scott Wismer and the half miserable, half rejoicing Milly, glad for her own deliverance, sorrowing for her mistress.

And toward the close of the following day came still another—Simon Brace, wounded, worn, but indomitable still. Glad he was to see the Colonel and the other two; sad to know that the brave Major and the beautiful Isabel were not also there.

"It was the best we could do, Cunnel, jest to cut and run. I'd ha' stuck to Miss Isabel, as I'm sure ye believe, till the last breath, but ye see—ye didn't see neither, fur none but an owl could—ye know that she warn't thar to stick to. And as ye well remember things ginerally war a leetle bewilderin' then."

"You have done all that mortal could, Simon," replied the Colonel, and I am grateful indeed for your continued kindness; you have risked your life for her repeatedly, for it all you shall be rewarded, though I well know your greatest reward would be to see my daughter safe among us."

"That ar the clear truth, Cunnel. I don't give up the gal yet nohow, and I won't wear my scalp easy till I've risked it once more for her. Simon Brace goes with them that seeks her, whether to the camp, on the trail, or to the lodge o' 'Cumseh himself. Thar! that's braggin', but it'll be made good."

"Thank you, my brave friend," returned Colonel Westburn, warmly. "I know your skill and courage, and I do not yet despair of again seeing my child and the Major. I have said that I would have her dead rather than the living victim of savage cruelty; but she may be spared the suffering I have known others to endure. We will attempt her rescue as soon as the volunteers can be spared from the defence of the Fort. Till then I will do a soldier's part, and you shall rest."

"I'll soon be mended up agin," said the scout. "No bones broke yet—and these scratches will heal while I'm eatin'." He exhibited his wounded arms—a bullet mark on one, and three ghastly gashes on the other; yet the grim old borderer was not in bad fighting condition, for him, even now. The very next day he took his place among the sharp-shooters, doing admirable service, and winning the special notice of the General in command.

We return to Isabel and Major Hallowell, forced by their captives to commence an immediate march to the hostile camp. It was near sunset of the day of their re-capture. The Indians had shot some game, and had halted to cook it, their other arrangements indicating that they did not intend to resume their march that night. Food was offered the prisoners, and the Major ate heartily, entreating Isabel to do likewise if she could, as their physical strength must be kept up if they were to indulge a hope of future escape.

When darkness came on, securing their sad-hearted captives, the Indians lay down by the fire, and as the whole party seemed somewhat wearied, sleep soon came to all, save the single warrior who, concealed under the shadow of the woods, stood sentinel over the rest. The flickering light of the fire fell with a ghastly glimmer on the reclining forms, and on the trunks of the great trees that reared themselves like columns supporting the vault of darkness that spread above. The Major and Isabel had no thought of present escape; even had opportunity offered, they were too exhausted to avail themselves of it. Would succor unexpectedly come to them? They were too weary even to think of that.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SURPRISE.

We left the two scouts, Hiram Skale and Tom Williams on the trail, as they supposed, of some of their captured friends. It was a bewildering, winding trail, puzzling them extremely to follow it. It led them across, or rather to, a stream, for it could not be immediately found on the opposite bank, and they thought for a time they had lost it entirely. Night came, and with it, having recovered the torturous track, still fresh—a hope of overtaking those who had made it. This they had thought to do before, but they had been strangely baffled. Nor were they successful in their night search. The next day, after providing themselves with food, they continued the pursuit, disappointed still. Then followed that drenching storm, under cover of which, some of the besieged party, as already known, had succeeded in escaping from a watchful foe. Morning broke, and though the mysterious trail had again been lost, a long and patient search brought the indefatigable borderers across it once more.

"We'll find the end of this yet, Tom; a woman's foot prints still—and a neat foot it is that makes 'em. But I must say that we've been rather longer than is quite to our credit as woodsmen in overtaking this party."

"Yes, I know, Hiram; though ye'll allow it was powerful crooked travlin' for a time. And we won't find Milly when we catches up, after all," sighed Tom with more pathos in his tone than he was aware of.

"That's only one female in the party, that's plain," replied Skale, "and I'm sure myself it's not Milly. Who but Miss Isabel?"

Though night was now falling they pressed forward, confident that they would soon overtake the retreating party. And it was necessary to do it soon, for they were sure that the hostile army could not be far away. Continuing their advance another hour, they struck out from the bottom of a valley they had for some time been traversing, and reaching a slight elevation, very densely wooded, suddenly before them they caught the glimmer of a fire. An exclamation of satisfaction, suppressed but deep, was given, and then with greater caution than before they crept nearer, until a position was reached from which the whole spot, lighted up by the wavering blaze, could be distinctly viewed. As they expected the camp belonged to a number of Indians, whose dusky and grimly painted forms could be counted as they lay before the fire. But they looked most eagerly for a slighter form, and soon distinguished it—evidently that of the fair prisoner they thought to find. The scouts resolved to attack at once—the number of the savages was small, and with the advantage of a first fire, no doubt was felt that those unhurt would fly at once. Each selecting his victim—those most distant from the captive—they fired. With a wild yell the unwounded Indians sprang to their feet and started for the hiding darkness, but reloading with almost miraculous rapidity—having the charges ready—the two men rushed out, and before the flying savages could fairly conceal themselves another of their number fell. The rest fled yelling through the forest. Skale hastened to release the prisoner.

"Hurrah!" he shouted in his enthusiasm. "We've come, Miss Isabel. Great God!" he suddenly exclaimed in unbounded astonishment. "It's *not* Miss Isabel."

"Not Miss Isabel!" echoed Williams, equally amazed.

"Lord help us! who are ye, lady?" said Skale.

"A miserable captive, unless you are friends."

"We are; you need not fear."

"Oh, thank heaven!" she exclaimed with fervent gratitude.

"We've been mightily mistaken, lady; but will help you all the same."

"Thanks," she murmured, "but I do not understand your surprise."

"We were sure you were somebody else—a friend whom we were seeking."

"And you rescued me under that belief. I begin to comprehend." Her voice though agitated was strangely sweet and her face very beautiful.

"It would have made no difference had we known; you are a lady and were wronged and suffering."

"Deeply wronged—not by those savages alone," she sighed rather than spoke.

"We are happy to have aided you, yet—"

"Yet you are disappointed," she said, interrupting him.

"If we could only save *her* too. You understand us, lady. We were sure that we were rescuing one most worthy of all service and very dear to her friends. Yet we deeply rejoice that we have been enabled to serve one like you."

The scout unconsciously dropped his border brusqueness of speech, using the language of refinement, as he generally did when addressing Isabel Westburn.

"I regret that the lady is still a prisoner; I know from my own sad experience how terrible it is so to be."

"Pardon me, lady, but we had better hasten from this. Our enemies may return. We sympathize with you most deeply. Come."

Not forgetting to refill their powder-horns from those of the dead Indians, they left the vicinity of the camp, assisting the strange lady on the way.

"Where will you take me?" she inquired. "But hold, perhaps I burden you; you may wish to continue your search for her of whom you spoke."

"Can we desert you in the forest?" said Skale in a tone of reproach. "Our duty toward you is plain. We shall place you in safety if possible, and then return to the aid of our friend. It is to be feared that she is already in the enemy's camp."

"God help her if that be, 'twas from there I escaped."

"Your story is a sad one, lady," spoke the borderer, sympathetically.

"I was a prisoner—aye, worse than that—in the hands of evil men."

"I am a child of the forest. I possess some knowledge of woodcraft, and through my cunning I escaped. I fled I knew not whither—I cared not if it only was from them. I was pursued, and after almost baffling my enemies, I was retaken. I had been a prisoner but a few hours when you released me."

"It was your trail we found, then, and that of your pursuers, following you, not yet your captors."

"Yes, I lost my way and was going toward the camp instead of from it."

"Where is your home, if I may ask?"

"At Presque Isle."

"And it was your intention to reach it through the wilderness if possible."

"That was my hope, though in my madness at first I had no plan."

"Our nearest point of safety is Fort Meigs."

"It is besieged. Proctor and Tecumseh are both before it."

"I presumed so, yet it is possible to reach it."

"And you will endeavor to place me there?"

"We will, and are proud and glad to aid you."

Again she murmured her thanks, but the gallant fellows only again assured her it was their duty and their pleasure to serve and protect her.

"You are very weary, lady," said Skale when they had gone a short distance further. "We are in less danger here. We will rest."

She could only confess her painful fatigue and under the partial shelter of a thick branched tree, they prepared as best they could a rude couch for the mysterious lady, whose face they had not yet seen, save by the uncertain light of the expiring camp-fire. It was a strange position for one so high-bred and refined as she appeared to be; yet with those honest and honorable men she was safe. She had confessed herself a child of the forest, but it was plain that she was no common child.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARTIN SPIKE.

Earnest Hallowell and Isabel Westburn were prisoners in the camp of the British before Fort Meigs. They had not the support of each other's presence, however, for immediately upon their arrival they had been separated, and had not seen each other since. Without notice had this been done, and the lovers had hardly time to utter a brief word of parting before the Major was hurried to other quarters, and Isabel left, sad and despairing to her fears and dark misgivings. Not far away, up the meadows of the Maumee, in that stronghold so bravely defended, was her wretched father, ignorant of her fate and unable as yet to attempt her rescue if living, to ascertain the melancholy particulars of her death, if dead. How short was the distance between them, how many the difficulties and dangers that threatened to keep them long, perhaps forever, apart! Yet if each could only have known the other's position, if the mystery of their fate could have been removed, how much more endurable would have been their trials. It is uncertainty that wears and weakens—definite knowledge of a loved one's situation, however sad, is often better than torturing surmise and doubt. Yet it may have been a mercy that kept from Philip Westburn a knowledge of his daughter's fate and of the evils that threatened her—for a new and more terrible danger began to shadow her. She had been the victim of cruelty before; now it was plotted that she should become the victim of crime.

Hardly had she entered the hostile lines before she met an Englishman, evidently not an officer, yet of no mean position, whose bold gaze of admiration as he saw the fair captive, caused her to shrink from him with a feeling of secret though ill-defined terror. His appearance was indeed calculated to fill the mind of the helpless and beautiful girl with distressing emotions. He was short in stature, of square, awkward figure, with a face in which coarseness, cunning, conceit and cruelty seemed equally and strongly expressed. His features, unattractive as they must long, if not always, have been, were rendered repulsive by a peculiar contraction of the muscles of the face around the nose, giving a fixed quizzical expression to his countenance without the slightest suggestion of real humor. His eyes and hair were black, the latter coarse and straight as an Indian's, and entirely untouched with gray, though his age was not less than forty-five. The name of this unprepossessing individual was Martin Spike, and he was one of the most efficient and valued subordinates of the infamous Colonel Elliott, the British Indian Agent. This sufficiently explains his connection with and presence in the army.

When Isabel Westburn caught the eyes of this fellow fastened upon herself, she turned instantly and indignantly away, not in time, however, to escape the look of unwarranted familiarity he gave her, and the quick, low jerk of the head intended for a nod, each of which was an insult.

"Oh, Earnest," she said, trembling, "I fear that man. There is evil in his eye, and he dared to address me as if I were not a stranger."

"He is a villain or there is none," replied the Major, with instant distrust of the ill-favored Briton. "Were I free he should suffer for his impudence. You will not, I hope, be annoyed by him in the future. See! he has released us from his scrutiny."

The man after a protracted stare at the prisoners, turned suddenly and walked away, a sort of awkward, jerking movement characterizing his gait.

"He has gone, and may we never behold his face or figure again," saip Earnest, "for if I ever felt thorough disgust for a human being, it is for him."

Though the young man had expressed a hope that this person whom both he and Isabel instinctively dreaded, would trouble them no more, it was with a feeling of the most painful apprehension that he parted from his betrothed as has been stated, leaving her of necessity to the new peril that might menace her.

Isabel was alone in the quarters provided her—alone, unless the presence of a half-breed squaw, a silent, stolid creature could be called companionship. The tent in which she was confined was a comfortable marquee, furnished with couches of skins and a few articles of domestic convenience which could without much trouble be conveyed through the wilderness. Sinking upon a bed of furs, the poor girl gave herself up to a tearful meditation upon her unfortunate condition. In a hostile camp, ignorant of the fate of her father, separated from her lover, and not knowing how soon he might suffer a cruel death, threatened with nameless perils herself—sad indeed were her reflections. For a time she wept, but checking her tears at last she arose, bathed her face, and then took a careful survey of her canvas prison. On a pile of skins at the further side of the marquee, she noticed a well-worn book. Picking it up and examining it, she saw that it was a translation of Voltaire. Turning to the fly-leaf she read thereon a name with which she was soon to become unwillingly familiar, MARTIN SPIKE.

She read it with a shudder that might have been prophetic.

"Martin Spike," she repeated, "I do not like the sound."

At this moment a low tapping was heard against the frame supporting the door of the tent. The half-breed went forward to see who was there. A grunt of recognition followed, and Isabel turned with considerable anxiety to meet the new-comer. A square, graceless figure stood near the entrance; a cold, coarse face was looking into hers. She trembled as she saw that the visitor was he who had that morning insulted her by his look—Martin Spike.

"Good-day—Miss—Miss?"—he paused inquiringly.

"My name is Miss Westburn," said Isabel with dignity. "May I inquire your own and the object of this visit?" She was oppressed by his presence already, and determined, if she could, to make the interview brief.

"Happy to meet you, Miss Westburn," he returned, with something like a chuckle. "Will give you my name with pleasure; it is Spike—Martin Spike."

The name in the fly-leaf of the book! Our heroine turned pale as she recalled the involuntary shudder with which she had first read it. The fellow observed her pallor, and paused with a shade of curiosity showing in his hypocritical face.

"Have you ever heard my name before?" he asked.

"Never, save that I saw it in this volume."

"I am one of his Majesty's agents, employed in perfecting the alliance between our government and the Indians," said Martin Spike in a tone that indicated that he considered his office a very noble and important one.

"A very disreputable work, I should say," spoke Isabel, bravely.

"Ah! why so?"

"Because of its inhumanity."

"Inhumanity be—" he almost permitted an oath to escape him.

"Beg your pardon, Miss. We won't talk about these things. I came to see if I could do anything more for you."

"Anything *more* for me?" said Isabel in some surprise. "I was not aware that you had yet served me at all."

"Oh! yes," he replied, with the air of a benefactor. "I have given up my marquee for your use."

"Thank you," were her words in response to this; and yet she shuddered as she learned that Martin Spike had presumed to interest himself in her welfare. "I am a wretched captive, as you must see. If you wish as you say, to aid me, you can do so by restoring me to my friends, and I will be forever grateful to you. You have influence, you have power, perhaps," she added earnestly. "Oh! protect me; take me from this dreadful place, and you shall be rewarded with gold if you choose, and with the consciousness also, I trust, of having done a generous act."

The agent smiled; the look he wore was one of half-concealed triumph rather than sympathy.

"I will gladly protect you," he said; "but as to taking you just now to your friends, that is impossible. I suppose you mean that you would like to be sent to the fort, but you would be worse off there, for in a few days we shall capture it, and then what? Your condition would be sorrowful indeed. The Indians are a little hard to restrain sometimes, and they are apt when excited to spare but few. You must remain here. This is not a bad place, I am sure—a strong tent, an attendant to wait upon you, and—and—" he added, with affected hesitation, "the society of myself occasionally."

The heart of the poor girl sunk within her. There was no mercy in this man. He was a wretch—a villain. And would he thrust himself upon her as a pretended friend? She loathed him, for her purity was already warned against him; yet she was threatened with his companionship.

"I suppose you feel rather strange and lonely in this camp, Miss Westburn; it is very natural, but I assure you that if you will just accept my friendship that you will be as safe as in your own home. I haven't asked you yet where that is—there'll be time enough for me to learn. I saw you as you were brought in, and feeling interested in you at once, I *bought* you of the Indians, intending to do my very best by you."

"Since I have unfortunately become a creature of barter," said our heroine with slight bitterness, "I propose to repurchase myself at any advance you may name on the original price."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Martin Spike, as if he considered her serious words the hugest joke. "Now, miss, you mayn't know what a high valuation I set upon you; we can't deal, I fear, though I don't wish you to think that I hold you as my property. All I want is your friendship, and as I said I will assist you every way in my power."

"I shall hold you to your promise," she replied, but she knew that he was false and his fair words gave her no hope.

After a few minutes further conversation he withdrew, addressing some words of direction in the Indian tongue to the half-breed, who gave a grunt of assent, as understanding, and then arose to prepare a meal for the prisoner. When Martin Spike was gone Isabel felt as if a serpent had left her presence. But this human reptile, though now away, would return, and a sinking sense of her helplessness and misery came over her at the thought. She would have interceded with the agent in behalf of her lover, had she at the conclusion of the interview been less unfavorably impressed with her visitor than at first, but her distrust of the man had only strengthened, and she had said nothing.

"He is evil, but I have one defence against him." She pressed her hand against the bright little weapons her father had given her, which, concealed, she still carried on her person.

"They may serve or save me yet," she thought. "To my own heart or to Martin Spike's a bullet shall go if he attempts the wrong that I know his wicked brain has already conceived. God help me! how terrible to be in the power of such as he!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIS SUSPICION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

I

FROM CHINA.

They were three—Charles, Clara, and Alice Ross. They had been left orphans when Charles was eighteen, his sisters being much younger. Aunt Maude was in possession of a good income, so she took the two girls in charge, while Charles went to New York, and became a clerk in a large mercantile establishment.

Charles Ross's nature was strong. The knowledge of an obstacle in his path, seemed to give him additional strength to face it. If the battle of life was hard, there was more reason that the combatant should be well-armed, he thought. At thirty he was junior partner in the firm which he had once served in the capacity of clerk.

He was generally set down as a cold, mercenary man, but those who thought this did not know him. The life-struggle had hardened his features; he was somewhat awkward and taciturn in society, but his heart was all right.

He had just returned from China, having successfully arranged a complicated business affair. He had been absent two years.

"'Heliotrope Hill' is unchanged," he murmured, smiling as he approached his aunt's pretty cottage; "the place is just as flat as ever. What induced Aunt Maude to call it by that name? A heliotrope was never known to grow in the neighborhood, and there's no vestige of a hill for miles around. I think—"

But his reflections were abruptly cut short, for Clara and Alice had espied him from the piazza, and he was soon half smothered in two clouds of muslin and ribbons. The girls immediately commenced a gleeful duett, giving him no chance to speak.

"How your moustache *has* grown!"

"How funny—just like bristles!" laughed Clara.

"Oh, you old dear, it's really getting gray!"

"Alice, are you not ashamed to utter such a libel? It's a much better color than Phil Hart's—his is red, you know, carroty."

"Auburn," returned Alice, warmly, then she blushed and stopped short.

Charles and Clara laughed.

"So little Alice has a lover," said he, gazing fondly at the pouting maiden, and smoothing her golden hair.

"A dozen, at least," cried Clara, mischievously, "but Phil is the favored swain. Let us go in: Aunt Maude would run out to greet you, too, but she's afraid of seeming undignified; as the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will have to go to the mountain, and the mountain will be impatient if you don't hurry."

"Now, girls, we'll enjoy ourselves. It brings back pleasant memories to be here again. We'll roast chestnuts and tell stories just as we used to do long ago."

The girls giggled.

"Tell him," said Alice, nudging Clara.

"I won't," returned Clara, "tell him yourself."

And they covered their faces with their handkerchiefs and giggled again. Charles saw this, and thought his allusion to "long ago" had affected them to tears. During the last ten years he had seen his sisters but seldom, and he was unused to feminine society.

"Much sensibility," he thought. "Don't cry, girls"—a convulsive scream from Clara—"don't cry; let us talk of something cheerful."

By this time they had reached the house.

Aunt Maude met him on the piazza, welcomed him with motherly affection, and ushered him into the parlor.

Had the earth opened at his feet, he would scarcely have been more dismayed, for there, facing the door, sat a strange young lady!

"My nephew, Charles, Miss Katharine Thornton," spoke Aunt Maude's smooth tones.

Charles Ross bowed to the piano, and then, placing his hat upon a chair, confusedly sat down, crushing that necessary article of male attire.

The girls ran from the room, Aunt Maude was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, a slight sparkle of mirth shone in Miss Thornton's eyes, but she came to his relief by beginning to talk about the weather and kindred topics.

Charles thought he had never heard so sweet a voice. By degrees she turned the conversation upon his recent journey. He was at home on that subject, and his embarrassment melted away. His face lighted up, he described some noted places in China, and Aunt Maude wondered where he had learned to talk so well.

Katharine Thornton had read much, and she possessed a very rare quality—that of listening intelligently. Charles Ross soon discovered it, and thoroughly enjoyed her naive piquant remarks, that flowed into his narrative without impeding its course. But they could not talk about the wonders of the "Flowery Kingdom" forever.

The gentleman was becoming conscious of his crushed hat, when the entrance of Phil Hart—Alice's admirer—caused a diversion. This young man was not overburdened with brains. "He wasn't much of a talker," he modestly admitted, "but vocal music was his forte."

Alice introduced him, and, anxious to display his specialty, said, "*Do* favor us with something, Phil."

Phil willingly complied. He began, "The Heart Bowed Down" in a very high tone. Having finished this, he glided into an aria from "Anna Boleyna," this reminded him of a sweet morceau from "Letty, the Basket-maker," which he proceeded to give.

One may have too much of a good thing, so Alice coolly stopped him in the middle of the third bar.

"That's sufficient, Phil. We'll go into the garden; come, Kate; come, Charley."

Phil was extremely happy to obey his imperious lady-love, so he meekly followed her, humming, "Come into the garden, Maude." Katharine went, too, but Charles excused himself.

Later in the day, he and his sisters were alone together.

"Girls," he said, reproachfully, "why did you not tell me Miss Thornton was here?"

"Because," answered Alice, "we knew if you were told, you wouldn't have come here at all. Confess, now, wouldn't you have turned your back on us?"

Charles was obliged to admit that he would have probably done so.

"Who is Miss Thornton?" he asked.

"A very dear friend of ours," answered Alice, "she was at school with us. Her father died insolvent, leaving her and her brother Richard orphans and penniless—just as we were left, Charley, only they had no good Aunt Maude. We heard of it, and wrote to Katharine offering her a home here; but she declined to come, saying she intended going out as a governess."

"Immediately," chimed in Clara, "we became wild for a governess. We persuaded Aunt Maude that we needed lessons in music and French—as indeed we did, and gave her no peace until she answered Kate's advertisement for a situation. Kate came; she had never known that our place was called Heliotrope Hill, and her surprise at seeing us here, was really funny. How we laughed! And we've kept her here since."

Charles took two tiny boxes from his coat-pocket, and gave them to the girls. With an exclamation of delight, Clara drew from hers a long gold chain. Alice found in hers a small key. She looked up inquiringly, and Charles handed her a larger box. She inserted the key in a diminutive lock, and the lid flew open, revealing a set of rubies. The stones burned upon their white velvet resting-place as if all the glow of a sunset were concentrated in them. Clara and Alice expressed their gratitude effusively.

"Moderate your transports," he said, laughing, "I am glad you like those gew-gaws. I commissioned a friend in Paris to get them for me. That chain is said to have been once possessed by your favorite historical character, Marie Antoinette, Clara. I have a valuable lace handkerchief up in my trunk; I suppose you will have to divide it between you, as Aunt Maude is already provided for."

"I claim it, then, Charley," said Alice, "I'll work Kate's initials on it, and give it to her."

"Just the thing!" emphasized Clara.

"Do as you please. By-the-by, the Indian's Cave is in existence, isn't it? Does old Wah live in the cabin still?"

"No, he is dead. His daughter Bell has married a white man, and she and her husband occupy the cabin."

Old Wah was an Indian half-breed who had lived rent free on Aunt Maude's demesne for many years.

"We must pay the Cave a visit some day."

"Oh, yes," responded Alice, "Kate thinks it would be an original idea to have my birthnight party in the Cave."

"And Kate must go with us," said Clara, "for as yet she knows the place only from our description."

"Kate seems a very important personage," thought the brother.

II.

THE RUBIES.

Two weeks passed pleasantly. Charles's awkward diffidence in Katharine's company grew less every day. It is true he fled before lady visitors—indeed, once seeing a squad of brightly-arrayed damsels coming up the back garden path, he hastened to the front door to make his escape, but it was only to stumble over another advancing party of fair ones. After this misadventure, he resigned himself to his fate, and his shyness soon wore off.

He began to like Katharine. She knew his favorite poets by heart, and appreciated them; there was just enough disagreement in their opinions to make conversation sparkle. This talk about things he liked, was inexpressibly charming to a man who had been long accustomed to the dry details of business. He no longer wondered at his sister's enthusiasm whenever Katharine was in question.

The Indian's Cave ran far back into a thick belt of rocks that bordered the fields to the south of Heliotrope Hill. Alice's birthday was approaching, and she had resolved to make her usual birthnight party unique by giving it in the cave. So one bright autumn morning, the whole party, including Phil Hart, started to explore the cave. They rode, although the distance was short; the girls prancing merrily on diminutive ponies. Katharine looked well on Charles's noble Arab. Some women appear to best advantage in a riding habit. Katharine was one of these. The snowy plume in her jaunty little hat fell gracefully among her luxuriant braids of dark hair. Exercise and animation made her eyes brighten and her cheeks flush; a dainty hand holding the unused whip, completed a picture that enraptured Charles Ross.

Having seen the cave, and made a detour, they stopped for lunch at Phil's mother's, and started homeward.

A strong, deep love had been gradually springing up in Charles Ross's heart. He had not dreamed of its intensity until this day—in fact, he had not known of its existence; during this ride the truth had burst upon him. He loved Katharine Thornton.

The girls were racing ahead; he was riding by Katharine's side; he purposed to tell his love and ask hers in return.

A man feels doubly free and independent on horseback. Had Charles Ross been on foot at that moment, I think he would not have had the courage to form that resolution, but before he could speak, Katharine suddenly reined in Arab, saying—

"Mr. Ross, I have dropped that beautiful handkerchief Alice gave me."

Charles instantly dismounted. After a short search, he found the hankerchief in a clump of bushes farther down the road. The girls had rejoined Katharine before he came up with it, so the opportunity for speaking was gone. Charles noticed that Alice had embroidered in a corner of the handkerchief the initials, K. T., surrounded by a wreath of heart's ease.

For many days following the visit to the cave, the sisters were in a pleasant and continual flutter of preparation. Music and French lessons were utterly neglected; the prospect of the birthnight party crowded all such trifles into the background. Phil Hart declared that the music of an orchestra would prove effective in the cave; there was an alcove in it, too, which could be used as a dressing-room. Aunt Maude made no objections to the plan of having the party in the cave, for she knew it would be the means of saving her carpets considerably.

The eagerly anticipated day at length came. Early in the evening the four ladies were driven down to the cave—the carriage being well-filled with their innumerable ruffings and puffs. Charles promised to follow them at the proper hour.

When he went, a brilliant scene met his sight. The walls and roof of the cave contained thousands of scintillant particles, which reflected the glare of the numerous lights so brightly that the whole apartment seemed to be composed of sparkling stars. A gay throng was promenading to the notes of the opening march; it seemed as if half the county were there.

His eyes rested with pride and pleasure on his sisters. Alice looked fairy-like in white, ornamented with blossoms which vied in color with the rubies she wore. Clara's dress was composed of some slight wavy fabric; blue and buff were her colors; it reminded him of azure flowers among yellow corn. But Katharine in her comparatively plain robe, had more attraction for him. No discerning person would have called her the most beautiful woman in the room, yet there was something in her appearance that made people ask to be introduced, even though they knew she was "only a governess."

Charles danced a quadrille with her, and then they seated themselves in the quietest corner, and looked out upon the ever-changing panorama of the ball-room, but this soon became tiresome, so they began to discuss their favorite poem, "Morte d'Arthur." She did not talk so spiritedly as usual, she looked pale, and when she smiled it was with an effort.

"What is the matter with Miss Thornton?" he asked of Alice, in a pause of the dance.

"She says she is not ill."

"She is ill at ease, though, for Dick has got into a new scrape, and wants money. He's a rapacious wretch; she sent him all her last year's salary, and yet he's not satisfied."

Charles Ross had known Dick Thornton, and he knew him to be an unmitigated scamp. Giving him money was like applying fuel to a fire. He would take the earliest opportunity of telling Katharine.

Clara came up, smiling and nodding to a group of deserted beaux.

"Come, Charley, let us stroll in the starlight. The air in here is full of carbonic acid, and some demented individual has asked Phil Hart to sing. Such singing!

"'Swans sing in death: 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.'"

"How *can* you, Clara?" asked Alice, reproachfully. "If you have no ear for music, why should you blame poor, dear Phil?"

"I have too good an ear, that's the worst of it. If I were partly deaf, his singing would doubtless please me."

With a rippling laugh, she took her brother's arm, and they left the room. While they were absent, the only accident of the evening occurred. The half-breed girl Bell, who had been pressed into service as an attendant, stumbled and fell, cutting her wrist severely against a projecting piece of rock. Katharine started forward full of sympathy, and bound her handkerchief around the sufferer's wound.

This was the only unpleasant circumstance. The party was a success. Everybody said it was *so* original, and strange to say, everybody was pleased with the affair.

It was late the next morning when Charles entered the breakfast-room. Aunt Maude and his sisters were there before him. He was greeted with a chorus of lamentation.

"Oh, Charley—" cried Clara.

"Oh, Charley," began Alice, "my rubies!"

"Well, what of them?"

"Why, they're not to be found—that's all," said Aunt Maude. "Girls have changed since I was young. *I* wouldn't have left valuable jewels about for people to pick up—that's all."

By a few judicious questions he contrived to discover that Alice thought she had left the rubies in the cave. He immediately started in that direction. He found the casket in the alcove which had been used as a dressing-room. It was open and empty. Caught in the fastening of the casket was a shred of cambric and lace. He examined this fragment closely. It bore a wreath of Heart's-ease and the letters K. T. It was a portion of Katharine's handkerchief.

A wild suspicion shot into his brain, but he threw it from him with all the strength of his will.

As he entered the cottage with the empty casket, Katharine was standing at the door in the act of giving a large packet to the errand-boy, a protegé of Aunt Maude's.

The suspicion entered his mind again, and again it was driven forth. He heard the errand-boy say:

"Yes, miss, it will be just in time for the early New York mail."

Well, no trace of the missing stones was discovered, although every means was used. An engagement-ring from Phil Hart somewhat consoled Alice for her loss; but Charles Ross's mind was a chaos of doubt and uncertainty.

A few days after the disappearance of the rubies, Clara said to him,

"Haven't you noticed a change in Kate? She's recovering her spirits again. Dick was in trouble about some debt, you know, but it has been paid. Are you sick, Charley, you look pale as a ghost?"

"It's nothing—only a sudden faintness."

That he had become pale was not strange; his anguish was very great, for he believed that Katharine Thornton had taken the rubies, and that she had used them to pay her brother's debt. Clara's words had deepened his suspicion into a certainty. "No one on earth shall ever accuse her of it," he said, "for I will not," and he carefully burned the piece of handkerchief he had found in the casket.

He would not remain under the same roof with the woman he had thought the best on earth. He loved her still, and that made his pain worse. He would leave America, and go anywhere. What difference could it make now?

The time he had allowed himself for his respite from business was not yet passed; but the firm needed somebody to make a journey to China. He offered his services, and started—only too glad of the opportunity.

With a cold hand-shake he parted from Katharine. He thought that a look of surprise and sadness came into her eyes when he took leave. He felt almost glad to know that she suffered too.

Two years ebbed away. Charles Ross was at Foochow when a letter from Clara reached him. Among many trifles, there was something that fairly made his heart cease its rhythm.

"The rubies have been found! They were taken from the alcove by Bell, the Indian girl. She always appeared to be a sly, sneaking creature—very unlike her father, old Wah. Her husband sold them to a jeweler in West City towards the end of last year. The jeweler suspected that something was wrong; he had the man watched, and finally he discovered that the gems were ours.

"By-the-by, our dear Kate has published a book, and a lovely one it is! Have you forgotten that her brother was in trouble just before you left? Poor fellow! he died two months ago. Kate went to New York, and was unremitting in her care during his illness. Well, she paid his debts and extricated him from the strait with the money she received for her stories. She was writing whenever she had any spare time. Alice and I found it out by chance, and after that she usually read her productions to us, but she kept them very closely from everybody else."

Charles read no farther. His heart beat with tumultuous joy. Did she love him? Would she forgive him?

He finished up his business as quickly as possible. In the next steamer he hastened over the ocean. Time was too slow for his desire. "Did she love him? Would she forgive him?" he continually asked himself. At last he stood once more in his native land.

Heliotrope Hill was much the same. No one was in the grounds or on the piazza. He walked into the parlor. Katharine was there alone, looking very fair and spiritual in her mourning dress. With a bright smile of welcome, she stood up to receive him.

Scarcely saying a word of preparation, he told his love and the story of his suspicion. She listened silently, her face alternately flushing and paling. She looked thoughtful for a moment after he had finished.

"I tied my handkerchief around the Indian girl's cut wrist; she must have torn it when she took the jewels—no doubt the fastening of the casket caught in it. That explains how that fragment came there. And *could* you believe me guilty?"

"I cannot excuse myself. I am at your mercy. Oh, Katharine, forgive me!"

"I forgive you, for I loved you all the time."

Two months after. The bridal ceremony is over. The organ peals forth a Wedding March. Charles Ross and Katharine Thornton are man and wife. The procession files from the church.

"Dear me," says Alice, who rejoices in all the paraphernalia of a bridesmaid, "isn't it strange, Phil, that old bachelor Charley should be married before us? I really began to fear we'd never get him off our hands."

"Wish him many happy returns—I mean luck," says Phil, and he whistles "Haste to the Wedding," until the fair Alice calls him to order.

☞ Question (to be asked of the lady you adore.)—"What has been the brightest idea of the whole season?" Answer (to be told her in a confidential whisper)—"Your eyes, dear.—*Punch.*

☞ Charity begins at home: A Wisconsin justice has granted himself a divorce.

SERENADE.

Art thou waking,
Merry sun? Yes, thou art waking;
On the heights thy smile is breaking,
While the cold stars fainter glowing
Fade, and morning winds are blowing
Warm and free.

Art thou waking,
Little bird? Yes, thou art waking;
Songs of morning thou art making,
In the sunlight thou art leaping,
Out and in the green boughs creeping
Merrily.

Art thou waking,
Happy rose-bush? Yes, thy breaking
Blossoms the sweet light are taking;
And thy buds are liftad slowly,
That thy cups with dewdrops holy
Filled may be.

Art thou waking,
Pretty maiden? Art thou waking?
'Neath the window with heart aching,
I have waited, fondly pining
That thy face's first sweet shining
I may see!

Thou art waking,
Dearest, brightest, thou art waking,
Thy white blind is sweetly breaking
Like a lily's leaves asunder,
And thine eyes with a sweet wonder
Shine on me.

All is waking,
All is waking! Day is breaking!]
Each the new delight partaking.
Birds are singing, roses blowing,
And thy lover, yearning, glowing,
Waits for thee!

From a Lawyer's Diary.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY J. M. MALONE.

I was poring intently over some briefs one morning, trying to satisfactorily solve in my mind a very knotty point of law, when a young man of my acquaintance—a Mr. Ralph Loring, stepped hurriedly, and as I thought, with considerable agitation, into my little office. His face was pale; there was a strange tremor in his voice as he spoke; and altogether he seemed to be laboring under some unusual excitement.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he hastily observed, after acknowledging my salutation by a slight bow, and possessing himself of the chair that I had pointed out to him, "but have you heard the news?"

"The news! No, Ralph," I returned. "What is it?"

After a moment's pause, in which he seemed to be trying to arrange his thoughts, he spoke slowly and with a forced calmness.

"Then you have not heard of the murder?"

"The murder—no! Who has been murdered?"

"Old Thomas Rogan was inhumanly butchered in his bed last night?"

"Great heavens! And by whom?"

Here it was that he lost his calmness. And it was with a trembling, faltering voice that he replied—

"It is charged to his niece—to Miss Somers; but before heaven, her hands are as clean of his blood as are mine."

Charged to Miss Somers. I was astounded. I could hardly credit my senses. I looked aghast at the young man, while he slowly repeated:

"Yes—to Miss Somers, but I know that she never did it."

When I had recovered somewhat from the momentary surprise that this sad intelligence had created, I begged him to tell me all about it.

"There is not much to tell," he slowly observed. "It seems as though the household had retired to bed early on last evening—earlier than was their usual wont, perhaps. About midnight Laura Raymond, who is another niece of the murdered man, you know, and who, also, as well as Miss Somers, has been residing with him for some time, was suddenly awakened by loud cries issuing from her uncle's chamber, which was not far away. Hastily springing up, she proceeded thither with all possible haste. The door of his room stood ajar, and without pausing she entered, there to behold him stretched lifeless upon his bed, the blood oozing from a wound in his breast, and Esther Somers standing above him with the reeking knife in her hand. All this was plainly revealed to her at a single glance, for the moonlight streamed in through the unshuttered windows, making everything as bright as day. Laura shrieked and fled, and aroused the sleeping household; and Miss Somers was at once taken into custody as the perpetrator of this inhuman outrage."

"And Miss Somers," I began, "what does she say—"

"She affirms," he quickly interrupted, "that she, too, was aroused by the cries; that when she reached the old man's bedside he was entirely lifeless; that the knife with which the work had been consummated was lying beside him, and that she had taken it up in her hand to examine it only a moment before her cousin Laura came in."

"Is there any cause to suspect that Miss Somers could be guilty of this thing—was there any difficulty between her and her uncle that would naturally lead to such violence?" I inquired.

"No, no," was the quick rejoinder. "Of the two girls, Esther was his favorite, and she in return loved him like a daughter. She is greatly afflicted at his death, and more so at the thought of being accused as his murderer."

"There were no signs of an entrance from without?" I suggested.

"None whatever. The premises were closely searched over and over again. The murderer, whoever it was, without a doubt, belonged to the household. Yet I know it could never, *never* have been Esther."

I could hardly believe it of the girl myself, even though circumstances seemed fearfully against her. Indeed, I may as well say, they pointed directly at her as the author of that old man's death, and from whose many bearings a miracle alone could save her. And it was truly with an eye of pity that I looked upon my young friend before me. Ah, he needed pity. For his heart, nay, his whole life was bound up in the fair young creature upon whom this blighting shadow now so ominously reeled, and it had been only a few days before that he had confidingly, and with all the joyous anticipations of youth, told me that she had promised to join her life to his ere long. Ah, he needed pity.

"I come from Esther now," he resumed, after a little while, "and it would make her very, very thankful if you would see her, and give her all the aid you can in this dreadful extremity."

Of course, I would see her, I told him—would wait upon her directly—would give her all the assistance that lay in my power.

"O, sir," he cried, wringing my hand as he arose to depart, "if—if you can but lift this dark shadow away—if you can but establish her innocence, you will have our everlasting gratitude, besides—"

"Nay, nay, my boy," I quickly interrupted. "Do not mention it. I am a true friend of Miss Somers, and you may be sure that I will not leave one stone unturned in her defence. With you, I believe that the girl is innocent, and think that in the end we may so establish it."

"O, I hope so," he said.

When he was gone I sat myself down to think—to calmly reflect over the matter ere I should see the accused. Indeed, I had need of reflection, and much at that, for so suddenly and unexpectedly had this terrible intelligence come upon me that at first it had tended greatly to confuse my ideas, and consequently I could not take such a calm and deliberate view of the surrounding circumstances as I could naturally wish.

I had known the deceased long and intimately—in fact, my first boyish recollections were kindly mixed up with that good old man; for his home had been in Dalesville ever since I could recollect, and he and my father had been the most steadfast of friends.

At the time of his death he had fully realized his allotted threescore and ten years, had improved them well too, for though generous to a fault, he left behind him a considerable fortune; but in the course of nature he left not behind him one of his own loins to inherit it all. He was a childless widower, his wife having died ere yet the happy twain had passed the spring time of their life. Yet he had not lived all alone since then, in the grand old mansion of which he was so proud, and which crowned a beautiful eminence just without the village. First, he had brought to his home little Laura Raymond, the child of a deceased sister. Then another sister died, and he brought her child—Esther Somers—thither, too. For he could not bear to see either of those little ones toiling their dreary way alone and unprotected through the cold, pitiless world. And with so much light and sunshine in the house, the old man was happy, and then the children were so dear to him, and he was so very proud of them.

But, ah! how much dearer they were, and how much prouder he was of them when they had grown up into blushing womanhood. He was never tired of thinking of them. He was never tired of praising them. He was never tired of lavishing his love upon them, and more especially upon Esther, whom he doted on as a loving parent upon a darling child. She was so good, so kind, so gentle, so affectionate to him, how could he help it? No wonder that she found her way deep into his heart, and became his favorite.

Only a few days before I had heard him expatiating upon her noble qualities, her goodness, her superiority in everything, and going into raptures almost over his darling—his pet. And now, to make up my mind that it was her hand that had so ruthlessly cut off his life, I could not. Nay, the idea itself was revolting.

"No, no, it cannot be," I mused. "There is something hidden here—something deeper than I can well penetrate just now; but which may be revealed in its own good time."

So, cutting short my speculations, I forthwith repaired to the place of the murder, there to find Miss Somers closely guarded, and young Loring hovering incessantly about her, as though he thought his presence might avert the evil impending over her. Her pure, innocent look gleaming through the deep sorrow that she unaffectedly manifested for him who had been so suddenly and so unexpectedly snatched away, even though I ever had harbored a suspicion of her, was enough to convince me that she was not guilty of the crime alleged against her. In our conversation that followed, she reiterated the statement that Ralph had made to me earlier in the morning; and then after promising her my ablest efforts in the case, and tendering her all the consolation that I could command I left her, and went to make some preliminary examination touching the deceased.

I found the old man stretched upon his bed, just as he had lain when the fatal blade pierced his vitals, he having never been removed from that position. There were two deep and broad incisions in his breast, which evidently had been made with the large glittering knife that lay upon a table near by. However, there were no remaining traces of the murderer as I could see, and I soon quitted the room and turned my attention elsewhere.

It was to Laura Raymond that I went next. There was a vast difference between her and Esther. While the latter was warm and friendly and communicative, the former was cold and haughty and reserved; and consequently it was not much that I could glean from Laura on that sad morning. It is true she gave me the facts in detail as I had already heard them; but then they were delivered in her cold, formal manner, which sounded shockingly to my ear like some well gotten-up story prearranged beforehand, and in which the teller divulged what she chose and kept back what she chose. And as I watched the strangely averted gaze that she steadily maintained, and the cold distrustful face which had somehow within the last few moments wrought very unfavorably upon me, I did believe, in effect, that there was something connected with this matter that she chose to keep concealed.

On the afternoon of that self-same day Miss Somers was taken before a magistrate and her case investigated. Laura Raymond was there, and was the main witness in behalf of the state, and what has already been detailed was virtually proven against Miss Somers. So plain it was, seemingly, that, as a matter of course, she was at once committed to further await her trial for murder at the next term of the Circuit Court for our good county of Obion.

I was now, apparently, at my rope's end. Yet I was not at all satisfied with the present results; and furthermore, I felt that it would never do to pause here; for I firmly believed that there was something connected with this affair that had not yet come to light, and which, if it could once be brought to bear, would fully establish the innocence of poor Esther, who was now looked upon and harshly condemned as the inhuman murderer of her dearest friend and fellow-kinsman.

"Yes," I said to myself that evening, as I sat musingly in my office, "I firmly believe she is innocent. Nor will I stop my investigations until either victory crowns my efforts or every hope of success is completely exhausted. First, I will examine the body again; for in my hurriedness this morning I might possibly have overlooked something that would have given me an essential clue to the real murderer. Anything, however slight, in this dilemma, would be welcome.

And suiting the action to the word, I once more proceeded to the Rogan mansion. The body had not yet been interred, but was now calmly reposing there in state; and with the aid of a servant who attended me, I made another and more thorough examination. However, I gleaned nothing satisfactorily from this, and was about to turn away and quit the room, when by chance I noticed a rather curious, glittering object held between the thumb and finger of the cold, tightly-clenched hand that lay heavily across the dead man's breast. It was firmly wedged in there, and was almost hidden; for it was but a mere speck that caught my eye. Hastily prying apart the two members I brought it out, whatever it was, and to my intense surprise, found it to be a small gold cross, though a heavy and curiously-wrought one, with the initials of a name deeply carved or indented upon the back. Even had not those two letters—L. R.—been there, I could have sworn in an instant that it belonged to Laura Raymond, for I had seen her wear it time and again. The pin that had served to attach it to the clothes, was bent and twisted entirely out of its proper shape; and from all appearances, it seemed to have been suddenly and hastily wrenched away from its securing.

The servant was not aware of my discovery, for he was engaged at something else in another part of the room just then, and without letting him know of it, I slipped the trinket into my bosom, a new light breaking upon me.

"Does the sight affect Miss Raymond much?" I carelessly inquired, pointing to the body, when the man had finished his work and had come up to me; "or is she a frequent visitor to this chamber now?"

"Why, master, she has never been in here once," he affirmed. "She says that the sight of blood sickens her; and it is for this cause that she cannot be persuaded to look upon him."

"Indeed!" was the careless response.

I next requested the man to show me where the two young ladies usually slept—and especially, where they were sleeping on the night of the murder. This he readily did; and I found that Miss Raymond's room was the one directly adjoining that of the deceased, whilst Esther's was still further on.

I now had some facts at my disposal whereon to build a defence; and I at once set about arranging them and giving them some tangible shape. I may also observe here as well as anywhere, that I had, in my own mind, satisfactorily solved the problem that had hitherto seemed so warped and complicated. Not only did I believe that Esther was not guilty of the crime alleged to her, but that Laura Raymond knew her to be so. Aye, and more—that it was Laura's self who had bent over that venerable old man in his last sweet sleep here on earth—that it was Laura's hand that had sent the bright flashing steel into his bare and unprotected bosom.

However unwarranted in the eyes of the world this assumption of mine may seem to have been, to me it was clearly justifiable. In the first place, that woman's face, so dark and unprepossessing, so guarded and reserved, so full of sorcery and defiance, even though I had possessed no other fact to substantiate it, was enough in itself to ground it upon. But there was a substantiating element. The cross. Ah! how came it there clutched so tightly in the dead man's grasp? How came it so warped, and bent, and twisted? Surely his hand must have rudely snatched it from its fastening; but when and from whom? It is plainly evident that to be retained in his grasp as I found it, it could only have been torn away in his last struggles. And it is further evident, that it could have been possessed from none other than its owner, as she alone ever wore it. Had I need of proof more?

And yet, with all this, to work anything real out of it, I knew that it behooved me to proceed as cautiously as possible in the matter, not breathing the least suspicion against Laura to any one, not even to Ralph, or to Esther herself. And it was thus that I went forward in the long days that intervened—sometimes trying to augment the little evidence that I already held, by making new discoveries, but at which I always signally failed; and again, at others, busying myself over that in hand, trying to give it some certain color, or planning when and how to execute it so as to produce the most favorable results; yet all the time keeping my plans and intentions safely locked up in my own bosom.

Ralph was now a daily visitor at my office. In fact, he spent the greater portion of his time there, and with Esther—poor girl! whose innocence he never once doubted. He appeared as though he was half crazed upon the matter, and brooded incessantly over it. For hours he would sit there and talk about it, and ask my opinion of it, and what I thought would be the probable result. As to the former, I believed as did he; upon the latter score I could give him no decisive answer; I could only bid him hope.

I visited Miss Somers occasionally in her confinement. She appeared very trustful in my management of her case, and left it all in my hands. She often remarked to me that the whole affair seemed more to her like a troubled dream than reality; and expressed great concern at the thought of having her uncle's murder charged to her. She, too, would frequently ask my opinion as to the probable result; and I could only bid her hope for the best.

Meanwhile, term-time rapidly came to hand, as did the day on which the prosecution was to be called. The court-room was thronged to overflowing; for the people were curious, as people generally are, and were anxious to be there and hear the testimony elicited, even though they had heard it repeated a score of times or more. The State vs. Esther Somers was the first on the criminal docket, and was called very early in the morning.

The prisoner exhibited some signs of emotion on being brought to the bar, notwithstanding I had availed myself of an early opportunity of whispering to her and fully reassuring her. For my plans were so well arranged, that I could not see how I could be otherwise than successful in the defence I was about to make.

The indictment was read; our plea of "not guilty" put in; and Laura Raymond was called to the stand. It was the same dark, secret, unprepossessing face; the same steadfastly averted gaze; and, in effect, the same well-studied story delivered in the same cold, formal manner.

Cross-examined.

"Miss Raymond," I began, hardly knowing how to begin; for I knew that my success depended now entirely upon a few bold strokes; "what length of time do you suppose had elapsed after you heard these cries issuing from your uncle's chamber, until you found Miss Somers standing over his body in the position you describe?"

"It could not have been long. Only a few seconds. As quick as she could spring from her bed and hasten to his room, which was the one directly adjoining."

"Was there not ample time for the deed to have been committed, and for the perpetrator of it to have escaped, and for Miss Somers to have reached thither ere you went?"

O, no; she thought not.

"Laura Raymond," I said, with some degree of positiveness about it, "don't you know that it was thus, though? Don't you know that another hand cut short that old man's life, and by some ill-fated circumstances Miss Somers is here to suffer for it?"

She looked queerly at me for a moment, and then hesitatingly replied:

"How should I know?"

"But you do know it," I sternly continued. "You know full well that the deed was consummated, and the murderer fled, ere Miss Somers had gained her uncle's room, whither you afterwards discovered her! And more—you know who *it was* that stole upon that defenceless old man in his sleep and robbed him of his life!"

In a moment her face had blanched to a deadly whiteness, and she sank back trembling violently in every limb.

"Yes," and I arose to my feet, and pointed my finger sternly at her. "You know who did it. It was *yourself*, Laura Raymond!"

She staggered from her chair, and in a voice not unmixed with passion and terror, hoarsely cried:

"'Tis false! Every word is false! Your proof?"

I saw that she was completely entrapped—surprised almost into an acknowledgment of her guilt. And I saw, too, that it was a decisive moment for me to bring the matter to a final issue.

"Here it is!" I exclaimed, drawing the cross from my bosom and holding it up to her view. "Here is indubitable proof. This little trinket is yours. Here is your name upon it. I found it clutched tightly in the dead man's hand. See how bent and twisted it is, too. Surely it must have been torn away from its wearer in his last struggles. If not, how—"

But I had need of no further remark. When her eyes lit upon the tell-tale cross, and she had come to fully comprehend it all, she sank back in her chair with a despairing moan, and shook like some one mortally stricken.

"Ah! I believed that it would one day rise up to condemn me!" she muttered hoarsely between her clenched teeth. "Curse the hand that tore it from my bosom!—curse—"

But she was so overcome by the paroxysm of rage that seized her, that she was not able to finish the terrible anathema she had begun. And springing from her seat she darted towards me like some infuriated animal, aiming to snatch the cross, which I still held in my hand, but ere she had come up to me, she fell senseless to the ground.

She was at once taken to a house near by, and when she was at length fully restored to consciousness, she made a free and open confession of it all. It was her hand that had dealt Thomas Rogan his death-blow, and it was partly through hatred and partly through avariciousness that she did it. Esther was the old man's favorite, whilst she (Laura) was almost entirely discarded by him, and for this she had come to hate them both. Then, too, she feared that he would be partial in his will—would leave the bulk of his fortune to her hated rival who had usurped her place in his affections. And she had studied so much upon this, and upon the other, that it had almost maddened her, and in an evil moment she raised her hand against his life—against the life of the dearest friend she ever had on earth, she now admitted.

The first stab she gave him her hand had not been firm, and she but partially executed her object. This awoke him, and a slight struggle ensued, in which the cross which had now come up against her, was torn from her person, though she did not miss it until some time thereafter. She knew that the outcry he made would soon arouse Esther, and bring her thither, and she hurriedly finished the work by giving him a surer blow; and then, casting aside the bloody knife, she sped to her own room. Hardly had she gained its friendly covert, when as she had anticipated, she heard Esther making her way to the scene of the fearful tragedy. And when she was satisfied that everything was fully ripe, she burst in upon the poor girl, condemning her as a murderess.

Laura never answered for this heinous crime before any earthly tribunal. The terrible discovery of her guilt had been too much for her, and in another hour she was dead. Dead, with such a dark stain upon her soul! Dead, and in the presence of that Judge whose sentence is final!

As to Ralph and Esther, that day seemed to be the happiest one they had ever experienced. And as I looked upon them in all their happiness, and thought of the dark shadow that had a moment before been hovering so ominously about them, and how near they had been to being separated forever, I silently breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had made me the humble instrument of saving them for each other.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OLD BACK ROOM. By JENNIE HARRISON. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is a story for children, and is gotten up in very pretty style.

ROSE FOSTER; or, "The Second Series" of the Mysteries of the Court of London. By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE GLADIATORS: A Tale of Rome and Judea. By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, author of "Digby Grand," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE LADY'S FRIEND. The December number of this Queen of the Monthlies comes to its readers in a beautiful crimson garb. Two exquisite steel Engravings of a very costly character, a brilliant colored Fashion Plate, and numerous fine wood-cuts illustrating stories, fashions, and fancy work, make a rich array of embellishments. "The Last Days of Pompeii," is a beautiful picture of peculiar interest; and the Frontispiece, "Peace be unto this House!" is a most appropriate Christmas subject, finely conceived, and artistically executed. The announcement that Mrs. Wood will begin a new story, "WITHIN THE MAZE; OR, LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL," in the January number, will be welcome to her numerous admirers. It will run the whole of next year. "Choosing a Wife on Scientific Principles," has a lovely picture of the heroine; "The Phantom Hare" is a thrilling story, strikingly illustrated; and "Jessie's Tidings," and "Bertha's Twelfth Night Cake," are both accompanied with spirited designs. The music is the "Comme Il Faut" Polka. Every department of this magazine is managed with so much care and taste that it is brimful of choice entertainment. Price $2.00 a year. Four copies, $6. Eight copies (and one gratis) $12. "The Lady's Friend" ($2,00) and the "Saturday Evening Post," ($2,50) for $4. Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia. *Single copies for sale by all News Dealers, and by the Publishers, price 20 cents.*

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for December, contains "Scrambles Among the Alps," "Monte Testaccio," "My Long Lost Brother," "A Branch of Lilac," "The Cold Hand," etc., etc. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for October, American Edition, Contains "Professor Jowett's Translation of Plato," "Game and Game Laws," "The Commune of Paris," "European Adventures in India," etc., etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December, contains "Light and Darkness," "The Legend Beautiful," "Shasta," "Chicago," etc., etc. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE for October, contains "Signal Service Weather Reports," "The 'Westfield' Steam Boiler Explosion," "Physiographic and Dynamical Geology," "The Overflow of the Mississippi River," etc. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Philada.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

Friends	Sir,	friends
stand	your	disposition.
I	bearing	
A man		the world
is		whilst the
contempt		
	ridicule	
	are	
	ambitious	

ANSWER.

Sir:—Between friends, I understand your overbearing disposition. A man even with the world is above contempt, whilst the ambitious are beneath ridicule.

☞ It is said that a green tarletan dress contains arsenic enough to kill a man; and yet men do not seem to be afraid of going near green tarletan dresses.

☞ Jupiter is getting in a bad way. An astronomer notices the "rosy protuberance" now visible on his face. Evidently Jupiter has been "out" too much o' nights.

☞ To mend bad sherry—Have a sherry cobbler.

☞ It is computed that a Milwaukee society can blast a person's reputation in seven minutes.

☞ An experienced youth in Pittsburg has gained such dexterity, that he can break all four glasses out of a street lamp at one throw. The city authorities are watching him with interest.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $3.00 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($3.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single Numbers 20 Cts. Specimen Copies (not current numbers) 15 Cts.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **Radway's Ready Relief** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is the only pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application, in from one to twenty minutes, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease, may suffer. Price 50 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S
Perfect Purgative Pills.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements, of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a Positive Cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, New York.

ap22-tf

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1872, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, in the English, German, French, Norwegian, Welsh, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. The Bitters are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world. dec8-1m

DR. S. S. FITCH

sends his **"Family Physician"** 90 pages, free by mail to any one. This book is to make any one their own doctor. Remedies are given for Thirty Diseases, which each person can prepare.

Send your direction to Dr. S. S. FITCH & SON, 714 Broadway, New York. may.1-1y

SAYS a late issue of the Philadelphia *City Item*:—"Ingenuity has been taxed to find the surest and most direct means of reaching the public, and the business man who would advertise a specialty, and get the greatest good out of the greatest number, in the shortest space of time, is compelled to go to GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., of New York, for advice. Why to this house? Because it is the head and front of the advertising business. It is prompt, methodical and clear in its transactions, and possesses the confidence of all the houses which advertise most.

"**We consider** *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts* superior to any others."—*Parker House, Boston.*

☞ How to get at the root of a thing—Dig.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HALF A CENTURY OLD.

ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

That well-known literary weekly, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, having just completed its half-a-century of existence, has resolved to celebrate the event by

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The size of THE POST has therefore been enlarged fully ONE-THIRD, (containing 48 long columns,) and it is now both the

Largest and Cheapest of the Family Papers!

It will contain Novelets, Illustrated Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Answers to Correspondents, etc., etc., by the

ABLEST WRITERS

that can be procured—including Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, Amanda M. Douglas, Burr Thornbury, Ella Wheeler, August Bell, Clio Stanley, Captain Carnes, Lillie Devereux Blake, "Zig," Mrs. Fanny R. Feudge, Mrs. M. L. S. Burke, Eben E. Rexford, etc., etc., etc. ☞ It will be entirely NEUTRAL in politics.

NEW NOVELETS CONSTANTLY PUBLISHED.

New Novelets and Stories, long and short, are being continually published. Subscriptions, therefore, can begin at almost any time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - $2.50.

One Copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2,00), for $4.00.

Our *club* terms are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

4 copies,	- - - - -	$6.00
8 "	(and one to getter-up of club,)	12.00
14 "	do. do. do. do.	20.00
20 "	do. do. do. do.	28.00
50 "	do. do. do. do.	65.00

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 5 Cents.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1871.

LARGE CLUBS.

We hope that those of our readers who are in the habit of getting up Clubs for THE POST, will try to at least *double* their old lists. We are hoping to get a good many clubs of *fifty* subscribers for the coming year—and if the clubs should run up to *one hundred*, we should not complain. At the present enlarged size of THE POST, it is so much cheaper than the other first-class Family papers, that we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands of new patrons. Of course we must depend, in a great degree, upon our present subscribers to show THE POST to their friends and neighbors, and speak a good word in our behalf.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. WOOD.

The talented author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c., is now engaged upon a new Serial Story for THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is entitled

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

This story will be commenced in the January number of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and will run through the year. This, in addition to the numerous other novelets and stories which are to appear next year in THE LADY'S FRIEND, will, we think, give that magazine a proud position among the periodicals intended expressly for the ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and THE POST ($2.50) are sent together for $4.00 a year. In making up clubs for THE POST, the Lady's Friend can be included at the same rates. The matter in the magazine and the paper is always different.

LIVING TOGETHER.

We have seen, on a printed slip, a set of pithy maxims on the "Art of Living Together." We do not know who wrote them, but they are full of good sense, and might well be laid to heart by every one who is called to live in constant companionship with another whether as husband and wife, college chums, or partners in business. We quote:

"Avoid having stock subjects of disputation. Do not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason.

"If you would be loved as a companion, *avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live.*

"Let not familiarity swallow up all courtesy."

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST:—The changeable weather of the present season is rather trying to fashionable nerves—it upsets the calculations and plays the mischief generally. To be sure people ought to be willing to take what is sent and be satisfied, but they don't do it, and never will until human nature is reconstructed, more or less. They don't like to venture shiveringly out of a frosty morning, muffled up in velvets and furs, and precautionary under-jackets of woollen or merino, and then have the sun burst forth in his blandest and best-natured manner, and with his genial smile coax the sharp breeze of the morning into something akin to "etherial mildness." They wouldn't care so much probably if they were not sure to meet those who have been later in their preparations, and have had a chance to discover that the day was destined to be summery, and have dressed accordingly—but it is a little exasperating under a load of velvets and furs to encounter a friend with a light shawl carried over her left arm, who is sure to take a malicious pleasure in declaring the weather "dreadfully warm," as though you were not painfully conscious of the fact. While on the other hand, if, taking a little stock in the gentle softness of the day before, they wander forth half-clad, there is sure to be a deluge of rain, accompanied by a northwester of sufficient severity to set a weather-strip dealer into ecstacies. So, whichever way you take it, there is trouble, and everybody will be glad when winter is fairly established—when Thanksgiving, with its roast pigs and slaughtered turkeys, chicken fricassees and pumpkin pies, is past, and a merry Christmas is seen approaching.

But to change the subject. Did it ever occur to you, dear Post, that ladies the world over are the best abused creatures in existence; that let them do as they will, somebody or everybody is sure to be ready to find fault, and caricature their best efforts? Now look at the woman of to-day, as she stands in her pretty No. 2 boots. She has gotten herself up regardless of trouble, and she is as near irresistible as it is possible for poor humanity to attain; and yet take that toilet, with all its mysteries, right through, and there isn't an item that has not been criticised and recriticised. Her heels are too high, or they are too small, or too broad; her dress is too much be-flounced, her under-skirts too much embroidered or tucked, her bracelets are too wide, her earrings too long, her chignon too big, her bonnet too little, her hoops don't look well, or if she leaves them off she is making a spectacle of herself, with her clinging garments—and so it goes; the grumblers, who are invariably of the sterner sex, never satisfied, and yet all the time paying court to some particular one of the persecuted class who dresses like all the rest, and yet in the eyes of this grumbler is perfection's self. Everything she does, everything she says, and everything she wears is right. I can't make it balance! There are those who would give the convenient explanation of "Love is blind," but in this instance it seems to me Love sees pretty clearly, for the dress of the period is about as nearly the correct thing as they will be able to get it. It is possible that less trimming might answer—ladies have worn less, and enjoyed very good health—but if they can afford it, it makes work for the seamstresses, keeps many a poor girl in lucrative employment, adds considerable to the beauty of the dress, and don't do any harm.

FASHIONS,

taken wholesale, change slowly, but there are little improvements going on all the time, and every day brings something new to chronicle. Perhaps the pretty walking dress would have been thrown over for some later favorite had Eugenie remained in power. Perhaps all the fashions of the season would have given way to something quite as elegant and convenient. But Eugenie is not in power, and what Worth does not think of, nobody else suggests.

Two or three new shapes in

ROUND HATS

have made their appearance within a fortnight, and have met with rather a cordial reception, though on what grounds I am unable to state. There is nothing attractive in any of the new shapes, but of course on a pretty head, mixed in with a tangle of blonde hair and half lost in a wilderness of frizzes and curls, they are to a degree tasteful. The shape best liked is called the "Diadem;" it has a rather high crown and a narrow brim that droops closely around the face. For trimmings, loops of gros-grain ribbon aigrettes and feathers are the popular idea. No leaves or flowers are permitted, although in the large cases of our millinery emporiums Floral gifts in every beautiful and attractive shade of color smile up to you in the most winning manner. These will be brought into requisition later in the season for the adornment of fashionable heads.

HAIR DRESSING

is in a dreadful state of bewilderment. Nobody knows just what is the fashion, though evidently everbody thinks that the most scrambled and neglected condition that hair can be made to assume is the nearest approach to high art. A studied carelessness is the one thing desired. The more loosely the braids can be plaited, the greater the tumble of curls, and the more crazily the crimps and frizzes can be made to wave, the greater is the triumph achieved. Nobody is suited with the style exactly. It is at variance with all preconceived ideas of American tidiness. The ladies, one and all, have a latent affection for smoothly brushed glossy hair; and this, before breakfast appearance, that they are obliged to wear, because it is the fashion, does not exactly relish. For balls and parties, flowers, in rich sprays, falling carelessly, feathers and loops of lace will be most seen. For half-dress, little ornaments of jet and shell, in the form of arrows, crosses, beetles, butterflies, and a thousand other fanciful devices will be seen. For home wear, bows of gros-grain ribbon, with long ends falling back, are worn. In the fancy stores, beautiful combs of gilt, jet, tortoise and ivory are on exhibition, together with gold-headed hair pins, and many other tasteful articles for the hair.

FURS

were treated of at great length some few weeks since, but the time elapsed has been long enough to bring out a novelty that has or that will, doubtless, shock the filial sensibilities of poor Darwin beyond all hope of recovery. I allude to the new sets of African monkey-skin furs that our dealers have placed upon their counters. It seemed strange enough when we were forced to admire the—the Alaska sable, black marten, or whatever you are pleased to call it, everbody having in their youth contracted a wholesome disgust for the despicable little animal from which it is obtained; but when they come to ask us to wear the fur of the bowing, chattering, red-coated little creatures that have from time immemorial been the delight of childhood, it seems, to make the best of it, a trifle sacrilegious. And yet it is a pretty fur—long, black, silky and expensive, and if one can get over the idea of warming their fingers in the skin of a departed blood relative, these muffs may become popular.

COSMETICS

are in greater demand than ever before; nor is their use confined to those who have passed the rose bloom period of existence. Young and old, rich and poor, sad and happy, all aspire to something of the sort, and the only bad feature there is about it is, that our manufacturers do not invent something that as a face preparation will be harmless. Those who confine themselves to a daily application of a little powder of prepared chalk or something of the kind do well enough, but nearly all the liquids so beautifully bottled and sent out with such honorable mention, and fully warranted to remove tan, freckles, moth patch, render the plainest face a marvel of loviness, and in fact make Mother Nature ashamed of herself, that her work has to be all ripped-up and done over, are composed chiefly of white-lead, which in a little time plays the mischief with the brightest complexion, giving it a deadened yellow look, and sometimes, producing results far more disastrous. But though warned frequently, ladies persist in the use of these preparations, and imagine they are more beautiful for it. The fashion of sticking little patches of black court-plaster here and there on the face is again in high vogue, and as usual, when the female fancy takes this spasm, the general amount of ridicule is called forth. In the item of hair restorers, the market is flooded. Heads have suffered to that extent that something has to be done, and all the Halls, Barrys, Woods and Christadoros in existence are reaping the reward. Every lady's dressing bureau is furnished with something of the kind, and at bed time when the pretty curls and braids are tenderly taken off and affectionately laid away, a general sopping of the thin spots usually takes place. In some instances, of course, the devastation and ruin has not been so complete, and it is currently reported that there are a few feminine heads that can, after all the padding, crimping, curling and braiding, boast quite as luxuriant locks as at the commencement of this carnival of torture; but it is safe to believe that such heads are few and far between.

WORSTED WORK

of every description is a feature this season, and as it is a pretty employment for dainty fingers, it will be likely to take the place of the interminable braiding that has so sorely tried the patience and eyesight of many a pretty female, who for once desired to have it to say when exhibiting the rare workmanship—"I did it all myself."

Breakfast shawls, sleeveles jackets, and mufflers will be the principal articles of manufacture, and will be of fine "zephyr" in the Affghan stitch. Pretty stasher jackets and hoods and veils of worsted for children are shown in the fashionable stores, and also little shirts for infants, and drawers and leggings for the little ones in short clothes. These goods are however woven, and are much more reasonable in price than those made by hand.

Christmas gifts in profusion are already in market, but of these I will speak in my next, and until then,

I am very truly,

OLIVE KING.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

MY DEAR GIPSEY:—I have read and re-read your article under the above caption in the Post, and respond to it heartily as an ideal, but let us take a more practical view of the matter.

Were your theory reduced to practice it would, in my estimation, bring to one portion of humanity a Paradise perfect, while to the other it would yield—may I say it?—a Purgatory on earth!

Why, what would become of our sedate, morose, desponding men, without cheery, loving, happy wives to keep ever before their gaze the sunny side of existence? And also of many of our own sex in absence of a counter influence.

Ah! perhaps you would consign such to old bachelorism and maidenhood, and thus annihilate this unenviable and forlorn class of humanity. Then we should truly have a Paradise on earth! But, alas! the millenium will doubtless occur ere this can be effected.

Can it be the design of an All-wise Providence that we shall be gratified in every earthly desire? Not as we esteem it, dear Gipsey! as in that case,

"We should never think of Heaven
As a better place than this."

No, it is the duty and destiny of just such genial, sunny, happy natures as ours to be mated with cooler, less romantic temperaments, and thus gradually though not less surely, imbue each with that most coveted life treasure—a happy, contented, hopeful spirit.

Physiologically considered, such unions must occur in order to effect a counterpoise in the next generation.

However, I admit it to be a cross, dear Gipsey, and an oft times heavy one, but let us remember where there is no cross, there will be no crown.

GRACE GARLAND.

ANALYZING DEATH.

A Paris correspondent writes: A man, name unknown, was discovered poisoned in one of the streets of the Champs Elysees, on Saturday night. On searching the body at the dead-house a paper was found in his side-pocket, on which he had carefully written, minute by minute, his "impressions" at the approach of death. I subjoin a part of this strange document: "Ten o'clock at night—I must finish. I will get into a garden and end all in an unknown corner. Five minutes past ten—Here I am in the corner, covered up with my cloak. The air is cool and damp. But what have I to fear from cold? The gas-light just reaches me. Quarter past ten—Every thing is ready. I take my bottle of poison. How strange! to think that those few drops will separate my soul from my body. Twenty minutes past ten—'Tis done! I have swallowed the liquid! What is going on within me? I feel nothing but curiosity. The *cafés* below are gay. I hear them. Ah! Half past ten—Fearful pains in my legs and back. My ideas are confused. The world is disappearing from me. My childhood appears before me; mother, father, all! Quarter to eleven—Sleep is overcoming me. The beginning of the end is at hand. My legs are dead. Where is my soul? Will it wander from globe to globe through thousands of centuries? What matters? I came into the world without thinking: I must leave it the same. Eleven o'clock—What do they say? The cold has reached my stomach. My head is heavy. I cannot see. Oh! I should know——." There were a few words more, but they could not be deciphered.

A WOMAN'S beauty is something like a rainbow—no two observers see it in precisely the same light. It is only in novels that we find the famous beauties about whose loveliness there is no dispute. If we read the gossiping chronicles of any era, we shall find that all the memorable belles of history had malcontents among their adherents. Not all the world agreed even about the charms of Mary Queen of Scots—and it would be too much for any modern belle to expect all the world to agree concerning her. If everybody liked one style of beauty, what would become of all the other types of women? It is only Jenkins who sees in every ball-room some creature whose entrance is greeted with a hum of admiration; whose eyes are brighter than her diamonds, and her cheeks rosier than the buds upon her bosom. We are safe in asserting that no one who reads this paragraph can recall one woman so beautiful that her attractions were universally acknowledged and entirely escaped disparagement.

I AND THOU.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

I am a rose, that in the field,
Breathes to the breeze perfume—
O, love, thou art the cooling dew
That wakes me into bloom.

I am the jewel, darkly hid,
In gloomy mines below—
Thou art the sunbeam, in whose light
My varied colors glow.

I am the crystal goblet, whence
A monarch drinks his wine—
Thou art the sweet, empurpled wave
Whose splendors through me shine.

I am the gloomy thunder-cloud
That sweeps across the skies—
Thou art the shining rainbow, love!
That on my bosom lies.

I am the Memnon, dumb and dead,
The desert sands among—
Thou art the crimson light of day,
That wakes my heart to song.

I am an erring man that gropes
Amid bewildering night—
Thou art an angel, sent from God,
To lead me to the light.

A Woman's Triumph.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I heard voices in the parlor.

At the door I stopped to brush back a refractory curl from my face, and heard my name spoken within.

"Is Miss Crawford at home?" asked a voice.

Brent Wayne's voice, I knew, the moment I heard it. I was conscious of a glad thrill in listening to it. Why, I could not have told you. I knew but little of him. I had seen him but few times, but in those few times we had got to be quite good friends, and friends were the scarcest of anything in my life. He had been away for some weeks from the city. He belonged to the best society, and was of an old and aristocratic family. For those reasons Aunt Dumont and my Cousin Lucia were very glad to have him call on them and make himself at home in their parlor. They were anxious to get into the best society, and Lucia was anxious to get a rich husband. They always kept me in the background when they conveniently could, consequently I was not surprised when Mr. Wayne asked if I was at home to hear Aunt Dumont say in her smooth, oily tones,

"I believe she went out a short time ago, didn't she, Lucia?"

To which Lucia dutifully responded that she thought I did.

And which I proved to be contrary to the facts of the case by opening the parlor door, and making my appearance among them.

"Good-morning, Miss Crawford," said Mr. Wayne, smiling and coming toward me with an outstretched hand. "I was just inquiring for you as you came in. I am glad to see you."

"Thank you." I sat down, despite Lucia's black looks, and commenced to talk with Mr. Wayne about this and that and the other. I fancy I kept him pretty well engaged through the remainder of his call. I tried my best to, at least, and I think I did not fail. I knew I was getting myself ready for a good scolding from Aunt Dumont, and I could see that Lucia was angry with me, but feared to show it before Mr. Wayne. The moment he was gone I might expect a good lecture on my conduct. I suppose I was wrong, but I did take delight in provoking them, and I knew that to monopolize Mr. Wayne's attention would be the surest way in the world to bring about the desired end.

The door had hardly closed on him when the storm began. Lucia threw the first bombshell.

"One would really think you had an idea that Mr. Wayne called on purpose to see you and no one else, judging from your monopoly of him. You didn't give him a chance to speak to any one else after you came in. I could see that he was terribly bored."

"I *thought* he looked so when I came in, but I didn't know but I might be mistaken," I answered, as coolly as you please.

Lucia elevated her nose to a greater altitude than usual, and relapsed into contemptuous silence.

"I really think you might have some regard for us," began Aunt Dumont. "As members of the best society, we have a certain dignity to maintain. Mr. Wayne—"

"Maintain—

Mr. Wayne—that's poetry," said I, in a tone intended to be very sweet. "I never knew that you made poetry before, Aunt Dumont."

Aunt Dumont was speechless for some time at my audacity. The idea that a woman of her dignity should stoop to making rhymes!

"Bertha, I must say that I am astonished at you. If you have no regard for our station in society, you might have a little personal regard for me."

"I don't see what I have done to interfere with your dignity and station in society," I answered.

"It was all right for you to intrude yourself upon Mr. Wayne, to-day, I suppose," sneered Lucia.

"Mr. Wayne asked for me," I said, flushing hotly.

"So he did," answered Aunt Dumont. "Of course, knowing that you were a relative of the family, he was obliged to do that."

"You mean, I suppose," I said, bitterly, "that he asked after me merely out of politeness, and that he did not come to see me: and because I, Bertha Crawford, a poor relative, came in and talked with him for a few minutes, I compromised your standing in society and your dignity? Is that it?"

Aunt Dumont did not answer. I was putting the case in plainer terms than she liked to subscribe to, but just that she meant, and nothing else.

"I suppose it is a social crime to be poor," I said, with hot blood tingling in my cheeks. "I don't like being poor myself. Perhaps, if I had what is rightfully mine, I should not be as poor as I am now."

The shot told. Aunt Dumont said no more, and Lucia fell to reading her novel.

When my father died, he left his property, small, it is true, but still enough to live on quite comfortably, to me, in Aunt Dumont's care. She was to keep me, and give me an education. The education she had given me, as it was just as cheap to keep me at boarding-school as at home, and there I was out of the way. But after my education was considered "finished," I was given to understand that my property was used up. This I knew to be false, because my expenses were few and simple, and what had been left me at my father's death was more than sufficient to support me. If it was used up, it had been used for some other purpose than my benefit.

The life I led was far from being a pleasant one. You can readily understand that, from what little insight I have given you into it.

Mr. Wayne called again in a few days. I was in my room when he came in, and did not go down. If he asked for me, they probably told him I was out.

So matters went on for a month. He called every few days, and Rosa, the chambermaid, told me that she had heard him ask for me twice, and they had answered that I was indisposed on one occasion, and out on the other, leaving him to infer that I was either always sick or gadding about.

I know, before the month was up, that Lucia hoped to catch Mr. Wayne. Aunt Dumont hinted that it was almost a sure thing that Lucia was going to get a rich husband, and a position on the very topmost round of the social ladder at the same time, thus killing two birds with one stone.

One day he called, and Rosa came up to inform me that he was asking for me. She had been dusting the piano, and heard him. They had told him that I was unwell.

I resolved to turn the tables on them, and went down.

"Good morning, Mr. Wayne," I said in my blandest manner, not pretending to notice the angry looks of Aunt Dumont, nor the frowning face of Lucia.

"I was sorry to hear that you were not well," he said, in his soft and pleasant voice.

"I was never better in my life," I said. "I don't see how you got the impression that I was sick."

He evidently mistrusted how matters stood, and was wisely silent.

I couldn't help stealing sly glances at Lucia occasionally, for he hardly spoke to her after I came in. I did not try to keep him away from her. He devoted himself to me of his own free will. I wondered why. Could it be possible that he cared for me? My heart gave a great throb at the thought. It would be very sweet to be loved by some kind, true heart. Since father died, love had passed me by.

By-and-by he took his departure, and I knew by Aunt Dumont's bristling plumes that she was on the war-path.

"I am shocked at your boldness and effrontery," she began. "Mr. Wayne has the same as declared his intention of marrying your cousin, and you intrude yourself upon him, and force him to pay his attentions wholly to you, knowing that he must neglect Lucia in doing so.

"Perhaps she wants him herself," said Lucia scornfully. "I shouldn't wonder."

"Is that the reason why you force yourself upon his notice?" demanded Aunt Dumont. "Are you really trying to win him away from his allegiance to Lucia?"

"I am not trying to win him from his allegiance to Lucia," I answered with curling lips. "I have never forced myself upon his attention. If he sees fit to talk with me, it is because he wants to. I have never tried to catch him for a husband," and I looked at Lucia. She colored, but tried to hide her blushes which were of such rare occurrence that she ought to have been proud of them, under a sneer.

The next day Aunt Dumont and Lucia went out shopping. They had not been gone long when Brent Wayne came. I went down to the parlor. He greeted me with a smile, and a pleasant good morning.

"I am sorry, but Lucia and Aunt Dumont are out," I said.

"I am not sorry," he said. "I knew they were out. That was why I called."

What else could I think, but that he called to see me? Indeed, his manner toward me gave me no room to doubt. He was so kind, so gentle, so tender, that I began to love him if I had not loved him before.

We sang together, simple, old-fashioned songs, but none the worse for that. Before he rose to go the clock struck five.

"I have spent a very pleasant afternoon," he said. "I hope to see you often in the future."

In the hall he met Aunt Dumont and Lucia.

"How long has Mr. Wayne been here?" asked Aunt Dumont, coming directly into the parlor.

"Two or three hours," answered I.

"He asked for us, of course?"

"He did not," I answered. "He said he knew you were not at home."

"I suppose you thought he came to see you," said Lucia with a *scornful* laugh.

"I infer from what he said that he did," I answered quietly.

"Bertha Crawford I am ashamed of you," said Aunt Dumont. "I am positively certain, from what I have seen, that you are laying plans to win Mr. Wayne away from Lucia. You are acting a base, ungrateful part. You do not care how much you wound Lucia's feelings, provided you carry your point. I shall take it upon myself to open Mr. Wayne's eyes to the facts of the case, and show him how he has been deceived. He probably thinks you a very artless young lady, and hasn't an idea how you are scheming to win him away from the heart he has won."

"Stop!" I cried, white with passion.

"Let *me* speak," said Brent Wayne's voice, at the door. "Excuse me, ladies, but I forgot my cane—and coming back after it, chanced to overhear your conversation. Allow me to state, madam, that my feelings regarding your daughter are unchanged. If I have won her heart, I am truly sorry. I have never tried to. And let me say that I have come here to see your niece, because I love her. And I ask her, now, to be my wife."

He turned toward me, holding out his hands. His face was full of love and tenderness, and pity.

"Darling, let me help to make your life something worth living for," he said. "Trust me, and love me."

I put my hands in his, trusting in as true a love as ever filled a noble, manly heart.

Aunt Dumont and Lucia were struck with consternation. Down went their air-castles in a cloud of smoke. I enjoyed their dismay, because it was so sudden and complete.

I meet them sometimes, but not often. They have not got into the "best society" yet. I fear they never will. Lucia fears she will live and die in single blessedness; and is anxiously looking for some one to take pity on her.

And I? I am happy; and what woman could ask more? After all, my triumph was the triumph of love.

A SMALL-POX REMEDY.

A correspondent writes as follows:—"I herewith append a recipe which has been used, to my knowledge, in a hundred cases. It will prevent or cure the small-pox, though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow-pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche upon his head; but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for small-pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person.

"It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure small-pox; when learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disappears in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If countries would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease."—*New York Citizen.*

☞ The marriage service in the Ritualist churches lasts nearly an hour, and is a very imposing ceremony. The priest who officiates usually wears a robe of white satin, trimmed with lace or embroidery, and the altar is decorated with flowers, wreaths, and banners.

☞ The last cup of a frolic is generally the *life-cup.*

☞ The man who was filled with emotion hadn't room for any dinner.

ALICE CARY'S LOVE.

A story under the title of the "Unknown Love of Alice Cary," in the newspapers, is still travelling through the length of the land. It asserts that in her youth she was affianced to Rufus W. Griswold; that he was false to her—forsaking her for a woman of the world; that long after, when he returned to New York, friendless, poor, and sick, she forgave him the great wrong that he had done and nursed him till he died. This story, in many conflicting phases, was often, to her great annoyance, told of her during her life. The fact that Rufus W. Griswold did in his last will bequeath to her his personal effects, was made much of in public and private circles, and used as unanswerable proof that at one time he had been her lover. Within a week I have read in a letter to the New York Evening Post that the will proved the love and relationship between the two persons beyond a doubt.

Yet no less, in its foundation, the story is false. Referring to it once, while we two sat alone together, Alice said to me: "I will tell you just the truth. If you ever think it necessary, you can tell it." I believe it to be but justice to her secret life, with which idle gossip is yet too busy, to tell it now. Bereavement in death and in life had made her Western home too desolate to be borne. These, with the impulse of the brave will that served her to the last, brought her to New York to make, not the life that she would have chosen for herself, yet a life worthy to be lived. "Ignorance stood me in the stead of courage," she said. "Had I known the great world as I have learned it since, I should not have dared; but I didn't. Thus I came."

The leading literateur at that time was Dr. Rufus W. Griswold. He had compiled the books called "The Female Prose Writers" and "Female Poets of America." He was sharply on the lookout for every new genius in literature that appeared. He had visited the sisters in their Ohio home, and in 1850 obtained a publisher for their first volume, and had added both their names with selections from their poems to his own "Poets of America." He knew everything necessary to their success, in the sphere of labor which they had chosen, while they practically knew next to nothing. He encouraged and helped them in many ways, and thus commanded their gratitude. * * * * *

Rufus W. Griswold was a man of poetic temperament, of fine scholarship, of generous impulses, and in certain directions of rare gifts; yet no less he was a man of fickle fancies, of violent temper, which often fell upon his dearest friends, of monstrous vanity, and of ungoverned passions. "I was never engaged to him in marriage; I never loved him," said Alice Cary to me. "I could not have loved such a man, though I learned him in his best phases. I came to pity him, because he was his own worst enemy. As a friend I owed him much, and before his death I found it in my power to pay back in part my large debt of gratitude. When he returned to New York, poor and sick, with certain death before him, I, with Miss ——, hired a room and nurse for him. From that they have made the romantic story of my nursing him for unrequitted love. It was old Betsey who nursed him. You know how big and strong she is; yet even she became worn out—for his sickness was long and very painful. Many unkind, even cruel things have been said because he willed to me his personal effects. Besides the books and pictures which he bequeathed to the Historical Society, these were all that he possessed, and he left them to me not more out of personal regard than from a desire to repay, as far as able, the money which I had expended for his comfort during the last long sickness."

In the profoundest sense Alice Cary never loved but once. The man whom she loved is still alive; yet gossip, with its keenest scent, has never found or named him. With all her fulness of affection, here was an eclectic and solitary soul. He who by the very patent of his being was more to her than any other mortal could be might pass from her life, but no other could ever take his place. A proud and prosperous family brought all their pride and power to bear on a son to prevent his marrying a girl uneducated, rustic and poor. "I waited for one who never came back," she said; "yet I believed he would come till I read in a paper his marriage to another. Can you think what life would be—loving one, waiting for one who would never come?"

He did come at last. I saw him. His wife had died. Alice was dying. The gray-haired man sat down beside the gray-haired woman. Life had dealt prosperously with him, as is its wont with men. Suffering and death had taken all from her save the lustre of her wondrous eyes. From her wan and wasted face they shone upon him full of tenderness and youth. Thus they met with life behind them—they who parted plighted lovers when life was young. He was the man whom she forgave for her blighted and weary life, with a smile of parting as divine as ever lit the face of woman.—*Mary Clemmer Ames.*

MONT BLANC.

The summit of this greatest of Swiss mountains has been reached several times this season without accident; and the Mer de Glace has, as usual, been daily visited by hundreds. It will interest both tourists and scientific men to hear that this famous sea of ice is undergoing considerable changes. It is to-day at least one hundred feet lower in altitude than it was twenty years ago, and at the same time the moraines on either side are steadily encroaching upon the icy surface, while the glacier itself has receded about a quarter of a mile. These alterations have perceptibly diminished the size of the Mer de Glace, and if the process be continued the boldness and height peculiar to this remarkable glacier will soon be very materially modified. But Mont Blanc is the same as ever. It still possesses the

"——charm to stay the morning star,"

of which Coleridge sang, and in the bright, clear days, which this season have been unusually plentiful, its vast white dome has seemed grander and more distant than ever. The pilgrims to Mont Blanc have been as numerous as in past seasons, and many of them have gone to Martigny by a new road, which, passing on the other side of the gorge so easily remembered by all travellers to this vicinity, runs much higher than the Tête Noire, and commands a bird's-eye view of that striking point.

STRANGE FACTS.

Some of the accounts relating to the fires in Wisconsin are filled with marvellous facts. In many cases people were found dead untouched by flame, and without the slightest trace of outward injury. They were lying on highways where the fires had not invaded; and in some cases crowds had perished entirely removed from the circle of the flames. They were simply stifled by some strange and powerful gases born of the tempest and not of the conflagration.

The people say now that they fully believed the final day had come, for when they saw no houses burning, and no forests perishing, they beheld a dense cloud passing above them, whence issued great flames, not like the lightning, but in gushing, wide-sweeping wings. A darkness preceded these awful visitants, and wild animals fled the thickets and sought the company of the people. Birds fluttered to the neighborhood of men, and over all a terror and an awe prevailed, and people listened to hear the great trumpet blown by the angel, as we are told it will be when the heavens shall roll away *like a scroll.*

THE TALE OF THE STREETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELLEN E. REXFORD.

I read in the streets of the city
A story strange and wild;
Of hearts grown hard and selfish,
By sin and self instilled,
Of souls that are sold for mammon,
Of love that is thrown away,
And I shudder at this strange story
As I read it day by day.

I read of hearts that are starving
For love that would save from sin,
Of souls that are sick with sorrow
In the city's dust and din,
Of yearnings for something higher,
Of strivings all in vain,
For the help of rest and pleasure,
Which the poor may not attain.

I read in the wan white faces
Of women that I meet,
A yearning for home and kindness
As they wander down the street.
Oh! the lives they are daily leading,
Going down in the depths of sin!
My heart is sore with pity
For the homeless Magdalen!

And I read in the faces of others
A scorn for the weak and poor,
From the heights of their self-deemed goodness
They pity their kin no more.
And I shiver in pain and pity
As I read in the city's din
The story of griefs and longings,
Of pomp and pride and sin.

CECIL DUNNMORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY E. WOODSON.

"Who the deuce was Cecil Dunnmore's wife?" asked Pen Dallam of Clyde Wilton, as the two young men encountered each other in the crowded ball-room of Congress Hall.

The season at Saratoga was at its zenith. The aristocracy of America was there. And when we say *aristocracy*, we mean a maximum of the *wealth*, with a tolerable percentage of the beauty, wit and worth of our great people.

So it chanced that Pen (short for Pendleton) Dallam and Clyde Wilton shook hands in delicate colored and scented lavender kids on the festive occasion herein alluded to, and were both as exquisite lay figures for a fashionable tailor as you would chance to meet in a season.

"Who the deuce was Cecil Dunnmore's wife?"

"Been trying to find out for three days," lisped Wilton, with wonderful animation. "Worse than any problem in Euclid. Nobody knows anything about her. Question if Dunnmore himself does. Or else the knowledge is the closest secret in his possession. She's devilish pretty though, and stylish too. But take my word for it, she starts a new pedigree. Talk to Dunnmore, braggart that he is, for the next three months, and you'll hear a thousand witty commentaries upon two-thirds of the inhabitants of Europe and America; but never a word about his papa-in-law, or any of 'my lady's' blood relations."

"And yet I'd give my best turn-out to know," replied Pen, who by-the-way supposed himself quite a lion with the women. "If there should chance to be a sister with anything like approximate loveliness, I might be inclined to waive the *noblesse oblige* myself, and give her rank. I notice, too, that Madame Dunnmore does not flirt; she loves her husband, and is at no pains to disguise it. Exceedingly unfashionable! I think you must be right, Wilton."

"Then I'll find out, as I am a live man!" replied the young dandy sneeringly. "That puppy, Dunnmore, had the insolence to try to ridicule *me* the other day before a set of our fellows. Of course he couldn't succeed, as you know; but I owe him a debt of gratitude for the intention. Here's Max Vane, who knows everybody outside of the penal catalogue, if ever a man did. Max, can you tell us where Cecil Dunnmore bought his pretty wife?"

"Pon honor, can't say," yawned the accreditedly omniscient Max. "Never go to auctions. Beauty, like everything else, is cheap in the shambles—sometimes. They say Dunnmore has been everywhere, has flirted in Circassia and Georgia, and has even hailed the Fejee Islanders, I believe, so there's no keeping up with him. Have heard the question you put to me asked around the room a hundred times to-night. Nobody known."

"Then I'll go direct to the fountain head," said Wilton. "Here comes Dunnmore himself. I shall floor him with a few direct questions, or my name is not ancient and honorable." Half a dozen exquisites had by this time gathered near a window around the speaker, all eager to witness the proposed discomfiture of another, and were smiling in anxious expectancy, while a young man who appeared a head and shoulders above the rest advanced leisurely towards them. He was really not over six feet in height, though his athletic frame and majestic bearing added at least two inches in appearance to his stature. He was still young, perhaps twenty-eight or nine years of age; but there was a settled intensity and firmness of purpose in his fine face that would have made most men think twice ere they broached a subject which they had reason to suppose might be disagreeable to him. "Dunnmore, old fellow, we were waiting to congratulate you. Your wife is the acknowledged beauty of the season. You must have learned a lesson in Constantinople. Why didn't you let her show herself here before her marriage?"

"Saratoga is the hub of the universe," I know," said the gentleman in a regretful tone. "But the truth is, my wife labored under some disadvantages. She allowed me to persuade her to be married only a few weeks after she left school, and that golden period of her freedom was passed at a watering place in Germany."

"She is a German lady, then?"

"My dear Wilton, you would not say so if you had been to Germany," said Dunnmore, patronizingly. "You fancied so from hearing her speak the language with Baron Von Kauld to-day; but though he flatters her by saying that he understands her perfectly, Marion's German is by no means faultless."

"That reminds me, Pen," said Wilton desperately, "I think Wade Vanderbilt, I am sure it was Wade, told us he had met her father frequently in New York."

"Has Wade turned spiritualist?" asked Dunnmore, with a pleasant smile. "My wife's father died a few weeks before she was born, and Wade was, I suppose, in his first pants. Come, Wilton, confess you want to know who my lady was? I should have forgiven *you* had you asked the direct question. You see what she is. She was a Miss Errol, a native of this country, but an orphan by the death of both parents when only a few months old, and we were married in Paris."

"No offence, Dunnmore," said Wilton, decidedly crestfallen. "Pen Dallam was only hoping there might be another Miss Errol."

"She has, I am sorry to say, neither brother nor sister," and Dunnmore glanced proudly to where his beautiful young wife stood, flashing in jewels and surrounded by a dozen of the picked men of the occasion.

In the meantime what was the bar-sinister upon the escutcheon of the acknowledgedly proud and aristocratic Mrs. Cecil Dunnmore, Miss Marion Errol, which it would have been the triumph of ill-natured, empty-pated Clyde Wilton to discover—though we are happy to state he was destined never to be enlightened?

We must assume the privilege of the novelist, and revert to a period ten years prior to that in which our characters are introduced to the reader.

The father of Cecil Dunnmore was a Scotchman by birth, and though he had been for many years a naturalized citizen of the United States, with the pardonable preference of a patriot for the land of his nativity, he sent his only son, at the age of fifteen, to the university at Edinburgh. The young man had been a hard student for three years, when his indulgent father fearing that his health might be impaired by too close confinement, and remembering that he had several years of college life still before him, sent over a liberal supply of money, with the request that his son be sent to travel on the Continent for an indefinite period. But Cecil having the constitution of a young lion, no sooner left the walls of his alma mater than he determined to surprise his beloved parents by a visit home before starting out on a second odyssey.

Consequently on a certain evening in July when the father and mother fanned themselves in their sitting-room, consoling themselves with the reflection that their gifted son was cruising about in the full enjoyment of the breezes of the Adriatic or the Levant, Cecil Dunnmore was on horseback in the mountains of East Tennessee within a dozen leagues of the home of his boyhood, with the night rapidly closing in, and a heavy storm coming on.

"If I am not crushed to death by some falling tree, my horse may at any moment step over into some gorge, and bury us both in an eternally undiscoverable grave," he muttered, looking around, "for Hannibal's Alps were not more desolate than these."

The wind blew a tornado of dust around him, and great limbs breaking from the trees fell with a loud crash here and there, causing his horse to spring from one side of the road to the other in terror. He dashed forward however, and came as the darkness had fully closed in upon a ruinous old building, half hid in a crevice of the mountain. A welcome ray of light streamed through some broken panes of glass stuffed with rags and paper, but crossed at regular intervals with iron gratings, upon an anxious traveller.

"This must be the tavern the people in the village spoke off," he said, as the rain began to fall in torrents. "It has more the appearance of some old stable. But human beings are evidently here—so hellosh, hellosh!" The light disappeared in an instant, but the door was so long in being opened that the young man jumped from his horse and gave a succession of vigorous knocks.

"Open in the king's name; or the president's, which is the same thing, unless you wish a fellow to be drowned in the second deluge!"

"I don't open in anybody's name unless the name pleases me better than either you have mentioned," said a gruff voice within.

"Open then in God's name!" he cried, impatiently, "to a benighted traveller from across the waters, seeking refuge from the storm." The door was slowly opened by a burly rough, clad man, when Cecil without waiting for an invitation, sprang hastily past him into the low entry, while at the same instant a gust of wind extinguished the lamp, which the man held in his hand, and left them in profound darkness.

"You make a man doubt if his house is his own, sir stranger," said the hoarse voice angrily. "I am not accustomed to unwelcome intrusion, I assure you. Ho, there, Marion! a light."

"I understood that you kept a sort of ordinary, and I'll swear that you do it in a most extraordinary style," said Dunnmore rather angrily. But at that moment an inner door was opened just beyond them, and a young girl of such surprising loveliness appeared upon the threshold with a lighted candle in her hand, that the stranger bowed in involuntary homage as she advanced towards them.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the young man with a return of his native grace as he took off his cap and laughingly shook the rain from his light curls. "The storm must be my apology for an intrusion which might otherwise have appeared unpleasantly suggestive of a demand but I am an entire stranger to this immediate locality, and must entreat accommodation for myself and horse until the dawn, when I promise you shall be liberally rewarded."

"It might be troublesome to put out a man who had got in so easily," said the fellow with an approach to a grim smile. "So Marion show the gentleman into the kitchen and let him dry himself, while I see after his horse. Trouble is an accommodation, young man, when as you say, it is well paid for." So saying, he relit his lamp and went out, while Cecil followed his young and beautiful guide into an adjoining room.

Dunnmore watched the lithe figure before him with exceeding interest, as holding the the lamp above her head to light the way she looked back from time to time, to see that he followed.

The low room into which he was conducted was lit up by a huge fire before which several cooking utensils were arranged as if in immediate preparation for a meal. And as the girl moved to and fro, Dunnmore thought he had never seen a form more enchanting, or more at variance with her rough, wild surroundings. She might be fifteen years of age, certainly not more, but there was a rather melancholy expression pervading the delicate outline of her features, which gave her the look of a sad, thoughtful woman. Her raven hair hung in loose tresses below the waist, and her large black eyes were almost as bright as the taper she held. Cecil fancied that she looked at him with strange intentness, as his own eyes took in a rapid inventory of her charms.

"You had better come near the fire, sir, if you are wet," she said, in a low, thrilling, strangely musical voice. "It has blown up quite chilly."

"The man would have but poor blood in his veins, indeed, who could feel cold on such an evening in the presence of so much beauty," he said lightly, as he drew nearer, and familiarly took hold of her curls.

"Keep back, for heaven's sake!" she exclaimed in a low, hurried tone. "I should resent such familiarity on my own account: but there are those within hearing who would *take your* life for a word of disrespect to me. They *may be dangerous to you, be you ever so discreet.*"

"Have I fallen into a Robin Hood romance?" he asked, laughing.

"Hush! hush!" she whispered. At the same moment the door opened, and the individual who had admitted the young traveller, and gone to stable his horse, re-entered, accompanied by a man some years his junior, dressed with more care, and with assumed airs of the gentleman, flatly belied by the low cunning of his sinister eyes, and the cut-throat expression of his heavy, mastiff face.

"Mr. Duke has been admiring your horse, sir," said the elder man, who appeared to be the host.

"A fine animal, sir," returned the stranger, looking at the young man from beneath his heavy brows.

"Yes," said Cecil, with the pardonable vanity of a youth, "I paid a fine price for her in Philadelphia several days ago, and she has stood the trip without fatigue until this evening."

"Have you much farther to go?" asked the man called Duke.

"About forty miles as near as I can guess," returned the young man, while his eyes followed the lithe figure of the girl, as she moved to and fro, arranging the table.

"You are a stranger in these parts, sir?" said the host.

"To this portion of it, yes sir. I hope to end my wanderings under my father's roof by this hour to-morrow evening." And he drew out a costly jewelled watch, and held it before the dim light.

"They expect you, I presume?" said Duke. The young man still looking at the girl caught her eye for an instant, and was startled out of his lazy self-possession by the fancy that her lips framed the word "yes," as she waved her hand at him in turning away.

"Yes—no, no!" he replied, hurriedly correcting himself. "I was not thinking of what I said. I have not a friend who knows of my being on this continent. My father supposes me at this moment in Italy." And he smiled brightly at the thought of the surprise which his return would awaken. He was so absorbed in his own bright fancies, that he failed to observe the look that was exchanged between the two men, or the incessantly anxious expression that settled upon the face of the girl as she flitted to and fro, arranging the supper.

"We have good wine," said the host gruffly, as he drew his chair to the table, "if you are able to pay for it."

"I have something more than a thousand dollars about me," said the youth unguardedly. "So bring out a bottle, old man. I never stood more in need of the subtle elixir." The bottles were brought, and the young man, insisting upon being joined in a glass by the host and his companion, was easily drawn into a statement of his circumstances by the two wary villians.

"I shall be largely indebted when my bill is settled," said the traveller, counting his reckoning from a well-filled purse; "for I was reflecting when I came to your door, that were I to ride over a precipice and be dashed to pieces, my father would ever suppose my bones to be bleaching somewhere in Europe." As he rose and turned away, the girl, ever watching him with her large eyes, made a hurried motion with her hand, and slipped a bit of paper into his fingers. "So, ho! a billet-doux," he thought. "I shall ask for my room, and read it as soon as I get there. She has watched me, as Desdemona did Othello, whenever I spoke." It was some time however before his interested listeners would suggest that he might be fatigued. And when he at length reached his room, he sank, with a sigh of relief, into a chair. "Heavens! what a storm," he said, as he listened to the roar without. "I shall sleep like the dead to-night." But he made no motion towards retiring, and leaning his head upon his hand, fell into an attitude of profound contemplation. He was still sitting thus, when he was attracted by a gentle rap at the door, and a soft whisper,

"Let me in an instant."

"By heavens! it is the little beauty," he ejaculated. "I had forgotten her evident infatuation;" and hastening to open the door, he caught her by the hand and drew her in.

"Rash boy!" she exclaimed, indignantly, with the air of a woman twice his senior, "be quiet. Did you read my note?"

"No," he replied in some confusion, "I—"

"Hist," she said, excitedly. "Your rash disclosures have put your life in the utmost peril. An effort will be made to rob you. They will take your life, if you resist; and—my God! I knew it done *once*, even after submission. Have you fire-arms?"

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "A den of robbers! I have a pistol; but it was wet to-night, and will not fire."

"Here is one," she whispered, fearfully drawing a revolver from the folds of her dress. "Take it; and may Heaven aid you to defend yourself. I feared that I might not be able to speak to you; and wrote the hurried line I gave you, telling you that you were in danger; and must be watchful for your life. You were mad to tell them that you had money; and that your friends did not expect you."

"But the pistol you give me is loaded, and I will go down this instant, and face the scoundrels. Yet stay; is the keepor of this house your father?"

"Thank Heaven, no!" said the girl, fervently. "Richard Cade pretends to be my grandfather—but I once overheard him confess he was not. And this villain, Duke, proposes to make me his wife; but I will die first. My God, young man, where are you going?" she cried, seizing him by the arm. "There are *three* of those desperadoes now below. The doors are barred, and double locked! You would never cross the hall with breath in your body. Hark! I hear them at the outer door! Stay where you are. Lock yourself in; but sit up, with the light burning, and pretend to be reading as long as possible. I will delay them all I can; but if they *should* force an entrance here, and you are able to defend yourself against such odds—rush down stairs. I will have have the door open, and your horse ready saddled. You will then mount, and ride for your life—*anywhere*—anywhere."

She sprang out as she ceased speaking, and rushed down the steps. Cecil Dunnmore, perfectly bewildered, locked and barred his door, and staggered back to his chair.

"My God," he said, as his cheeks blanched; "to be caged, and then murdered; and all because, with a peacock's vanity, I have been boastfully parading my fine feathers. It is too horrible! Just Heaven! give me strength to keep these assassins at bay!" He rose and paced his room excitedly for some moments. "At anyrate," he muttered, "they shall have another body to dispose of besides my own, if I do fall a victim to their devilish machinations. He examined the pistol the girl had given him, and found the six barrels loaded and capped. "I may be too much for the three, yet," he said, with a return of his old brave defiance. "At least, they shall not find me so easy a victim as they have imagined."

An hour or more passed in fearful suspense, when he distinctly heard footsteps on the stairs. A moment and he knew they had paused at his door. He remembered that they could see the light through the key-hole, and he moved his chair, and stirred the fire, which had been lit on account of the dampness of the room. He soon heard them creep away—muttering to each other—and the house grew profoundly still. The fire had long since gone down, and he had begun to think it must be near day; when his candle flickered and died out, leaving him in total darkness. He was consoling himself with the fancy that they must have abandoned their devilish scheme, when the steps were again heard, unmistakably on the stair. He held his breath in suspense, listening to a low grating sound, as if they were removing the lock from the door. It had continued so long, that he fancied they must have succeeded—when their efforts were suddenly suspended, and they went down again. Listening to every sound, he was soon persuaded that he could distinguish voices in the yard. He crept on tip-toe to the window, and leaned his ear against the broken pane.

"He must *not* escape," said a rough voice with stern emphasis. "He knows there has been no other person here to-night. He would of necessity inform; and we should end our days in a prison, if not on the gallows. The gorge will do for him and *his horse*, if necessary. Come, we have no time to lose. If the young fool has barred the door, light a little oil in the passage, and bring him out to us with the cry of 'fire;' It might be dangerous to at least one of us, to break in upon him."

"By heavens, it will!" muttered Cecil to himself. "But it will be better for me to receive them here;" he hastily slipped back the bar and ensconsed himself in a niche formed by the wall and an old wardrobe within a few feet of the door. The clouds had broken, but he was in so dense a gloom there, that if they supposed him in bed, he might shoot more than once before they could discover him.

In a few moments the same sounds were heard at the door, so muffled that Cecil feared they might hear the loud beating of his heart. He grasped his pistol tightly—for in a moment the bolts were slipped softly back, and the door opened. He held his breath, until—one—two dark figures had glided in, when he lifted his hand, with a prayer upon his lips, fired—and the foremost ruffian fell, with a shriek, to the floor. The flash had lit up their figures for a moment however; and as the second intruder—he recognized Duke—turned upon him, there was another report, and he felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder; he fired at the same instant, and without a second's pause to discover the effect of his shot, sprang to the door, and into the arms of the third robber. There was a momentary scuffle, but his strength prevailing—he struck the fellow a furious blow in the face with the butt of his pistol, hurled him back against the wall, and sprang over the railing. He was down the stairway in a moment—but there was a step as fleet behind him, and a second bullet grazed his cheek. There was another flash in front of him—a heavy fall in the rear; and the girl, who had fired the last shot at his pursuer, sprang to his side.

"Come—come—brave stranger! your horse is ready."

He was out in the open air in the twinkling of an eye, and had sprung into his saddle.

"But you, darling, beautiful girl," he said; "they will murder you if I do not see you safe from here."

"I am ready to die," she answered, proudly. Go, or all our efforts will be in vain."

"Never," he cried; "I should be the basest of hounds, and would deserve a dog's death were I to leave you here. One of them at least is beyond the power of doing you or any one further injury, but you must go with me." He leaned from his seat, drew her up with his strong grasp to the saddle, and turning his horse, dashed off into the night. They had ridden perhaps a mile, when the girl felt his supporting arm fall from about her, and he reeled in his seat. "Thank God!" he gasped, "the day is dawning. I am fainting from the loss of blood through—my arm."

She sprang from the horse, and caught him as he fell. With superhuman energy she drew him from the road, tied his horse out of sight, and returned to draw off his coat.

"Oh, God! I beseech Thee, save him still," she cried bitterly. The blood was flowing still from his arm, and she drew out his handkerchief and bound it tightly about the wound. She sat with his head in her lap, wildly plucking the wet leaves around her and putting them to his brow, until he opened his eyes.

"Dear girl," he said with a faint smile, "if you would finish your good work mount your horse, and ride for assistance. I am very ill, and there is no alternative but to leave me here." He crawled with her help yet further from the road, when he lay down upon a bed of moss while she fixed his coat for a pillow. "Kiss me before you go," he said, feebly. "My brave little girl I may never see you again in this life." She bent over him and pressed her icy lips to his brow.

"Bear up," she said. "There are good people within half a mile of here. I shall bring them to your side in but a little while."

He saw her mount hastily, and tried to wave his hand as she dashed off, but he closed his eyes wearily. Half an hour later, when she returned with two rough but honest mountaineers, they found him again insensible. They bore him tenderly to their house, dressed his wound, and sent for a surgeon. The girl, Marion Cade, as she was called, had made her deposition, and a posse of men hurried to the bogus tavern. The servant was dead upon the steps, and Richard Cade, the landlord, lay dying upon the floor of the young man's room. The man, Duke, had made his escape. The country was scoured for miles around, but to no purpose. Cecil Dunnmore's parents were summoned to his bedside. Their gratitude to the young girl who had saved their son's life knew no bounds. Cecil announced his unalterable determination to make her his wife; and the proud Mrs. Dunnmore was forced to consent—strongly stipulating, however, that he should remove the girl far from her present associations, and that she should remain for five years on the continent of Europe to be educated. As Marion gave the old lady a grateful and unqualified promise, Cecil was forced to an agreement. About the time that young Dunnmore finished his course at Edinburgh, a man calling himself Duke was arrested for mail robbery near one of our large cities, and confined in Sing Sing. Our hero, deeply anxious to know the real history of his betrothed, visited the convict, and promising to forego his intention of having him tried for murder, was informed that her real name was Marion Errol; and that he, Duke, had married a first cousin of the girl; and on his wife's death—the mother of Marion dying about the same time—he had obtained possession of the child, who was one day to come into a large fortune, and had brought her to the house of the villain Cade, who gave her his name for the present, and who was to have charge of her until such a time as he, Duke, could force her into a marriage with himself, and obtain her money. The necessary information was given, and Marion Errol's property was secured to her in her own right.

This was the woman, who at the time appointed, became Cecil Dunnmore's wife.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Thank God! some of us have an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her curls and bustle, whose white, jeweled hands have never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose depths the love light shone, and brown hair, threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands, worn with toil, guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness, even reaching out to us in yearning tenderness when her sweet spirit was baptized in the pearly spray of the river.

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of her will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from Heaven's portals shall glorify our own. When in the fitful passes of busy life our feet wander back to the old homestead, and crossing the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine, streaming through the western window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father." How many times when the tempter lures us on has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin! Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.

☞ The champion mean man, worth $14,000, notified the police that he had lost a box of matches.

ONE OF EARTH'S ANGELS.

BY RUPERT.

Now art thou beautiful, thou child of light!
Now with thy hair tossed back and figure still;
I drink thy beauty with a raptured sight—
I drink till soul and senses it doth fill:
Oh! do not move, but sit forever so,
And let me gaze, and never, never go!

So bright, bright as the morn thou breathest there;
Unconscious as the rose or golden-rod
How things so beautiful can upward bear
The soul into the very airs of God!
Oh angel golden-haired! unknown to thee,
Thy presence to such heights hath lifted me!

True Flag.

MARRYING UNDER THE ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

For three consecutive hours John Raymond's pen had scratched over successive sheets of paper. At last he dropped it on the rack. Leaning back in his chair, he clasped his hands behind his head and stretched his limbs their long full length under the table. A pleasant-faced matron at the window looked up; but, observant of the closed eyes and knit brows, wisely kept silence. Presently the closed lids were raised, displaying a pair of expressive brown eyes, and he started from his chair, exclaiming, with a stride in the lady's direction,

"I'll do it, mother!"

The lady glancing a smiling inquiry over the stocking on her hand, he continued:

"I'll advertise for a young man."

"Why not for a young woman, John?" she quietly asked, filling up with rapid needle the hole worn by John's foot.

"A young woman!" he echoed. "I beg your pardon, mother, but what on earth would I do with a young woman?"

"Just what you would with a young man. Give her a chair, table, and writing implements, with directions to copy. You know my sympathies are with struggling women, and there are, alas! only too many of them."

It was a new idea, and on the strength of it John silently took a turn across the room. Coming back he spoke again:

"I'll advertise for both, and have my choice."

He did so, and a day or two later was handling scores of sealed returns. One envelope after another was opened, and he was fast losing his wits over this crowd of unexceptionable applicants, when his uncertainty was suddenly ended by a well-written note, signed: "Pearl Boyne, Spinster, 250 —— street." He consulted his watch.

"I can go and come within an hour," he quickly decided, his brown eyes brimful of merriment, and in the course of twenty minutes was waiting at 250 the appearance of the "spinster."

His admiring regards were fixed on a beautiful crayon head, which he had crossed the room to inspect more closely, when a musical voice recalled him to the business of the hour. Wheeling quickly around he faced a bewitching little blonde with loving eyes and scarlet lips, her fair sweet beauty enhanced by the delicate purples of her light mourning dress.

"The spinster, no doubt," he said to himself, while his lips phrased the thought somewhat differently. "Miss Boyne?" he bowed, an amused glint in his honest eyes.

"I am sorry," the scarlet-lipped returned demurely, as she carelessly bent the card, just received, over her finger. "Cousin Margaret went out about five minutes since, and will not return for several hours."

"I beg your pardon, it is Miss *Pearl* Boyne I wish to see," John explained, the smile still in his eyes.

"Oh!" she laughed, as if glad of the opportunity to laugh. "Cousin Margaret is Pearl. She long ago almost lost her baptismal name in its pretty definition. But of course she is Margaret to strangers."

And she inclined her head with a quiet dignity that rendered further explanation unnecessary. Still there was mischief lurking in her eye, and the acute John Raymond perceived it. He hesitated a moment, and then taking a card from his pocket pencilled thereon his wish that Miss Boyne should consider herself engaged to fill the position for which she had applied, and report herself to his suburban residence without delay. Placing it in the hands of the waiting cousin, with the request that she would see it delivered to Miss Boyne, he made his adieu.

Miss Boyne gave him no opportunity to cultivate patience. On the following morning she walked into his study, proving to be the lovely brunette original of the crayon which had captivated him the previous day. John Raymond was charmed at once, as well he might be, for Pearl Boyne was a charming woman. He was puzzled also. How this sad-eyed, thoughtful Pearl, so full of gentle dignity and exquisite refinement, could have penned that little word after her surname remained a vexing mystery to him.

But the mystery did not save him. Day by day he went blindly floating out of the calm harbor of bachelor indifference till he was tossing on a limitless sea of love. He was startled, and gazed around him oppressed by some natural fears. Nevertheless the legitimate result followed. One day the truth slipped over his lips—the same truth which Miss Boyne had with yearning pain seen written in his eyes for many days.

It was on a certain bright morning. Miss Boyne had come out an hour or two earlier than usual in order to gain a portion of the afternoon. John Raymond, standing in his grapery, whistling a musical aria as he laded with green leaves and rich purple clusters a little basket on the table, was startled by a "good morning" at his elbow. The aria ceased, and a threatened cluster hung scatheless in its bower. Eyes, hands, and voice were eloquent of his delight at this unexpected sight of her.

"You are early, Miss Pearl," he said. He might as well have said "my darling," for such it was in all but words.

With the red blood flushing her cheeks, she smilingly repeated:

"Pearl! Who whispered that name in your ear?"

"Pearl traced it for my eye," he returned, after a surprised glance, and took from his breast pocket the note received four months previous.

In unfeigned amazement she inspected the line his finger indicated.

"How singular!" she exclaimed. "I certainly wrote the note, but never that signature."

A deeper red than John had called there was burning on her cheek now. She fixed her eyes in thoughtful intensity on the floor. Suddenly an amused smile dimpled the mortified flush.

"I recall it now," she said, looking up. "At the time your advertisement appeared, my cousin, Madge Hampton—the lady by whom you were received the morning you called—was spending a few days with me. Some urgent demand calling me from my writing-desk just as this was penned, I begged her to add my signature, and then address and post the note, as despatch was important. A joke being meat and drink to her, I suppose she found the temptation to perpetrate one here irresistible,. And the opportunity was a rare one, too, as her penmanship is a fac-simile of my own you perceive. But you must have thought me—"

"I have always thought you only a little lower than the angels," he interrupted impetuously. "Do not regret your cousin's mischievous act, since it brought to my side the only woman I have ever desired to make my wife. Will you be that to me, Pearl?" he asked humbly, as she stood pale and drooping before him.

She raised her eyes to his face, something more than grief shining from their lustrous depths.

"I am a married woman, Mr. Raymond! Forget me, as I pray I may you!" she answered slowly and mournfully.

Her eyes turned on his white, shocked countenance a single instant, and then she was gone.

John Raymond did not appear in the study that morning. At dinner, Mrs. Raymond, happily unconscious of trouble, explained that he had been suddenly called from home for a few days. A week later Miss Boyne saw him pass the study window. She started up, her dark face aglow with passionate joy and pain. He entered, pale and haggard."

"John! Where have you been, John?" she cried, great tears dimming the love flaming in her eyes.

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips with a despairing fervor that sent the tears rolling over her cheeks.

"Wandering from one place to another, trying to do what you bade me," he answered heavily. "Now I am beside you to entreat your confidence. To-day we must speak freely, though we separate for all time to-morrow. You are known as Miss Boyne. What does it mean, Pearl?"

She sunk into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"When were you married, Pearl?" he asked, gently removing the hands and clasping them within his own, as he seated himself beside her.

"Four years ago," she murmured, lifting her heavy eyes drearily to his.

"When scarcely seventeen?"

She comprehended all his troubled surprise, and exclaimed with pathetic force:

"Oh John, I was little more than a child, and it was all a piece of mad, childish recklessness. Without a thought of love, I desecrated the marriage vow to escape a home rendered supremely wretched by a stepmother's despotism. True, I loved Harry Askel well—passionately, indeed, for I can love no other way—but it was only a sister's fondness I bestowed. He had reached his twenty-first year, and was on the eve of exchanging my father's guardianship for a new and active life in England, when he proposed that I should secretly become his wife. Overwhelmed with grief at his approaching departure, and the prospect of encountering alone the wretchedness of the home his affection and gayety had somewhat brightened, I consented without an objection.

"His wishes had first been confided to Madge Hampton—then our guest—and she became the sole witness of the hastily-performed ceremony. Twenty minutes later I parted with my husband, and was left to reflect at leisure on my unadvised act, it being arranged that our marriage should be concealed till his return at the end of six months.

"Looking back upon all this I am greatly perplexed—Harry's motives remain an unsolved problem. A warmer sentiment than fraternal affection would explain at once his desire to secure my hand, since my father would have peremptorily objected to our marrying at so early an age. But that warmer sentiment did not exist, though I naturally imagined the contrary when he asked me to become his wife."

She paused here, and remained silent so long that John Raymond said huskily:

"Go on. When did he return?"

A hot flush burned through her dark skin as she answered briefly:

"He has not returned yet, John."

He started hurriedly to his feet, lip and voice quivering with uncontrollable excitement.

"Not returned? Not returned? And what have you heard from him?"

"Not a sentence relating to our marriage. Many long weeks passed before I heard from him at all, and when the expected letter came, its complete silence on the great point of interest was a double shock. Proud as anxious, I studiously imitated his example in my reply. This had scarcely been despatched when my father's awfully sudden death brought me a new and terrible grief, and, in time, another letter from Harry. Though sympathy and the old fraternal tenderness marked its every line, there was not the most remote allusion to the subject of our marriage. Indeed he even discussed the probability of his visit to America being deferred for some years.

"But as a lengthy account of this correspondence would only be a recapitulation, it may be passed over with the one statement that I eventually ended it; being too proud to seek an explanation, and too unhappy to endure longer the tortures to which it condemned me."

John, standing before her with heaving chest and flashing eyes burst out, a fiery vehemence in every accent:

"It is all a mockery, Pearl! A frightful mockery of a holy tie! Though blessed by all the bishops in Christendom it shall not stand! The sacredness of a true marriage I would never violate; but such a one as this you describe shall not separate us!"

Pearl was looking at him with eyes which hope was slowly lighting, and in answer to their speech he continued in the same impetuous way:

"What! Suffer our happiness to be wrecked for life by your girlish folly? Never! never!"

He strode to the window and dropped into a reverie so profound that Pearl resumed her pen, now and then casting a wistful glance toward him as she mechanically transcribed line after line. When he returned to her side, his air was pre-occupied, and he spoke with marked abruptness.

"Where does that mad-cap cousin of yours reside?" he asked.

"At ——" she replied, glancing a surprised inquiry from the sheet under her hand.

Apparently words and glance were unnoted for the reply was followed by another abrupt question.

"Pearl I may depend on your assistance for a few weeks?"

She shook her head in denial of the request.

"I am going away, Pearl."

"Must I drive you from your home, John?" she asked, looking up with full eyes.

"I go of choice, and your presence here is absolutely needed."

"If that is the case, I will remain till your return."

But he was not satisfied. A few loose sheets of paper were nervously fluttered—a book moved, the inkstand tipped. At last he laid his hand over hers.

"You have not said it, Pearl—you love me?"

His voice was soft and tremulous as a woman's, and reached her heart. She bent her head till her lips touched his hand. It was her only answer, but volumes could not have expressed more.

"God bless you!" he whispered huskily. And thus they parted.

A few days after this the pretty scarlet-lipped Madge Hampton sat in her boudoir eyeing somewhat dubiously a card she had just tossed on the table.

"John L. Raymond!" she smiled. "I wonder what he wants with me," her thought went as she descended to the drawing-room. "Surely he is not going to resurrect that little misdemeanor of mine." And another smile flitted across the scarlet lips.

The door however closed behind a piece of humanity so prettily, gracefully demure that had John Raymond contemplated a severe reckoning, he would have been charmed into lenity. Greetings over, and inquiries for "cousin Margeret" duly answered—the visi-

tor proceeded to gratify Miss Hampton's secret curiosity. His first words, abrupt and eager, proved startling.

"You will doubtless be surprised, Miss Hampton, to learn that your cousin has confided to me the secret of her marriage, and—"

Miss Hampton forgetting her demure self, clapped her hands in an ecstasy of delight and astonishment.

"Pearl married! To whom, Mr. Raymond? Oh, I'm so glad: But she might have told me, I think!"

While her voice rung through the changes of this medley, John Raymond sat the picture of amazement. Taking advantage of her pause for breath he said hastily:

"You astonish me, Miss Hampton. I understood that you were well acquainted with the fact of this marriage, and I have travelled hither for the one purpose of gaining information which might prove valuable to your cousin."

His pretty hostess, actually petrified, gazed at him in profound silence. Under the goad of his impatience, he longed to take her by the shoulders and shake her into volubility again; but that not being permissible, he resorted to speech.

"Miss Hampton, your cousin said distinctly, that you not only witnessed the marriage, but had been Mr. Askel's chosen confidant from the first."

"Mr. Askel!" echoed Miss Hampton, a gleam of intelligence slowly lighting her face. "Harry Askel, do you mean?"

"The same."

Again Miss Hampton gazed at him in silence. But this time her face was instinct with fun and mischievous inquiry. Then she clasped her hands and threw back her head in a convulsion of laughter so impressible and gleeful, that he perforce echoed it. Recovering her breath she said:

"I hope you will pardon me, Mr. Raymond; but indeed I could not help laughing, the whole affair came so vividly to mind, and I believe this is the first time I have thought of it since the hour I stood witness. And no wonder," she added, a heavy shadow settling on her face. "Not more than ten minutes after Harry Askel's departure, a despatch reached me that mamma was dead! Not sick, Mr. Raymond, but dead! quite dead!" she explained, her voice sinking to a tearful whisper. "Nor was that all," she presently resumed, in clearer accents. "Poor mamma had not been in her grave a week when papa, whose health had been failing for years, had become so much worse that his physician peremptorily ordered him to California. Thither we immediately went, and for two years I watched over him, and then—brought him home to die! Do you wonder that I forgot, Mr. Raymond?"

John Raymond was proverbially honest, and his answer, though toned by a very winning sympathy, pointed truthward.

"A marriage is a solemn thing, Miss Hampton, especially a secret marriage, such as your cousin's."

"Solemn!" exclaimed Miss Hampton. "I am sure Pearl don't think so, for in all these years she has not once freshened my memory by adverting to it. I don't see how you can term a harmless jest like that solemn."

In an instant John Raymond was on his feet.

"A jest, did you say? A jest?" he almost shouted in his fiery impatience.

"Certainly. Did not Pearl explain that?" asked Miss Hampton, with wide-open eyes.

"Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!" he ejaculated, adding instantly, "Your cousin has no more doubt that she was legally married than you have of your existence at this moment. Imagine what these four years have been to her."

Miss Hampton, with eyes still wide open on his face, exclaimed eagerly:

"How could she, Mr. Raymond, when—" But here she stopped, and her eyes wavered and fell thoughtfully to the floor, an expression of anxiety shading her countenance.

John Raymond impatiently watched her till she looked up and said, with troubled sweetness:

"I am afraid I am greatly to blame."

Controlling his nervous excitement and impatience, with a powerful effort he resumed his chair, saying:

"Miss Hampton, you will confer the greatest kindness on your cousin by entrusting me with a full statement of this unhappy affair. She has confided in me, and you may also without the slightest hesitation."

"There is very little to tell, Mr. Raymond, and that little is not likely to exalt me in your estimation," she returned. "The mock marriage was the result of a wager. Harry Askel and Pearl were inseparable friends, though friends only, and he claimed the privilege of teasing and vexing her to his heart's content on all subjects and all occasions. One day, about a fortnight before his departure for England, he declared, in the midst of a gay conversation, that no woman could keep a secret, and wagered a silver fruit knife that Pearl could not maintain silence for a week to save her life. 'I will test you, Pearl, mind!' he laughingly threatened, in answer to her indignant retort. She indulged in a shrug of supreme contempt, replying: 'When I prove recreant to any trust reposed in me, I'll give you a dozen, Harry.'

"In a day or two she had forgotten the whole thing; but I, full as fond of a practical joke as Harry, impatiently awaited the fulfillment of his threat. Consequently, I was not surprised when the evening before he sailed, he came to me, overflowing with mischief, and opened his plan of a mock marriage, entreating my co-operation. I demurred on the ground of their purely friendly relations, endeavoring to convince him that Pearl was more likely to refuse than consent.

"'It don't make the least difference, Madge,' he said, 'I shall win the wager either way; for she could never keep a secret like that. Consenting, she'd be at her father's feet in twenty-four hours; refusing, a score or so of dear friends would know it in less than twelve.' But in order to guard against fortuitous events he left with me two notes, one of which was to be delivered in case of her preserving silence for the period named; the other in case he lost the wager."

"And that note failed to reach her," exclaimed John Raymond, jumping at a very natural conclusion.

"Mr. Raymond, those notes, I believe, still lie in the pocket of the dress I wore on that miserable day. The dress was so associated with the sad tidings of my mother's death, that I had it packed away immediately, and have never looked upon it since."

"Who performed the ceremony, Miss Hampton?" asked John, after a short silence.

"A fun-loving friend of Harry's—a stranger to Pearl and me. Fortunately for the success of our plot, Pearl asked no troublesome questions. Indeed she was wholly unlike herself, being half stupefied with grief.

John Raymond spoke hotly.

"Mr. Askel certainly deserves great censure for not entering into an explanation with Miss Boyne during the period of their correspondence."

"Part of that censure must justly fall on me, Mr. Raymond. In consideration of the difficulty of writing without some information by which to guide himself, it was arranged between us that he should not hazard a letter till in possession of my report. As that was never written, he may have eventually concluded that all was right, and consigned the whole affair to oblivion. But is it not necessary to institute a minute inquiry in that direction?"

"By no means. Miss Boyne will be quite content to receive the proof of the illegality of her marriage."

"I can furnish that, if you will entertain yourself with those periodicals for a little while," Miss Hampton returned, glancing at the table near him.

She was absent some time, and when she returned it was with the notes, on each of which was traced in bold characters, "Pearl Boyne's Marriage Certificate."

"It is needless to indulge in expressions of regret, Mr. Raymond," she said, as they shook hands at parting, "but you will comprehend the depth and sincerity of my repentance when I tell you that I shall eschew practical jokes for the remainder of my life."

Two days subsequent to this, John Raymond dashed into the study, and caught Miss Boyne in his arms.

"Be happy, love! be happy!" he cried; and then with hurried breath, rapidly outlined Madge Hampton's story. "It was scarcely less than an inspiration that led me there, Pearl; for notwithstanding your account of the marriage was broken and unsatisfactory, I had no reason to expect a more lucid one from Miss Hampton," he concluded.

"Oh, John, how fervently I thank Heaven it was only a cruel joke!" were Pearl's first low words.

John's smile was a thanksgiving as he said—

"Come, let us look at your marriage certificate;" and tearing open one of the notes, he read:—

"My precious dark-eyed blessing! You *can* keep a secret, and shall be rewarded with the very daintiest fruit-knife the world can furnish. So says your faithful

"HARRY."

The other note ran differently—

"Miss Pearl Boyne, admitting the weakness of her sex, will please forward to Harry Askel the handsomest fruit-knife to be found in America. He won't insist on the *dozen!*"

"John," exclaimed Pearl, as she proceeded to reduce the notes to infinitesimal fragments, "I shall write to Madge immediately. Harry must never know how I have suffered—and I well know her first impulse will be to acquaint him with the whole thing."

But it was too late. The day after John Raymond's visit, Miss Hampton poured out her whole penitent soul to Pearl. That done, a letter to Harry Askel was written, and despatched, under cover, to a friend, who was instructed to assure himself of its safe delivery. Consequently on a certain bright day, as Pearl stood amidst a preparation flutter of white satin and lace, she opened a package containing an exquisitely beautiful fruit-knife. Accompanying this was a letter so full of contrition and entreaties for pardon, that the writer soon received a cordial invitation to come over in time to append his name to Pearl Boyne's genuine marriage certificate.

An invitation which—it may be added for the benefit of curious readers—he accepted.

Heathersley Grange;

OR, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A Romance of the Days of the Young Pretender.

CHAPTER XXII.

LOVE TO THE RESCUE!

Nature seemed to have a special design in smiling on that morning which had been chosen by Henry Heathersley and Richard Langton to fight their duel on the cliff, as if, in fact, it had a desire to show how God's good world was created in peace and beauty, and would remain so, were man's anger and sinfulness to permit its repose.

As we have seen, it had been a severe and tempestuous winter, but upon this special day there was a lovely dawn, sending crimson glories over earth and Heaven, and sea; a balmy air gently stirring the leaves, and scarcely a cloud marring the beauty of the scene.

It was getting spring time now, and the birds chirped early, and the buds were coming, and Nature was, in fact, dressing itself gayly for summer.

And out into this quietness and lovely repose those two men came hating one another, thirsting for each other's blood, for even Henry was now aroused to the fullest pitch of anger and revenge.

He was the first on the field, and was pacing to and fro anxiously and in deep thought, when a friendly hand was placed upon his shoulder, and halting he saw Tom Armstrong standing by him.

"Why, Henry," he said, as he grasped warmly the hand of his friend, "what means this? Why are you going to put you valuable life against that of a worthless fellow like this Richard Langton?"

"So you got my note?" returned Henry, smiling.

"Yes; I got it safely, and am here to my time," replied Tom; "and sorry enough am I that it is on such an errand we meet."

"You have not told Violet?"

"I have not. You asked me, and I kept it secret from her. Had I not done so you may depend upon it she would be here now, no matter what the consequences might be."

"True, true; I thank you, Tom," said Henry, dreamily; "but you said just now, that worthless fellow, Richard Langton."

"I did."

"What know you of him?"

"Only what my father tells me," said Tom; "he knew him well in years gone by as the master of Trevegar Mount—a reckless, desperate ruffian, refined now, by constant refinements of villainy, into what you see him. But we have little time to talk now; here he comes, and with him—do my eyes deceive me? no; it *is* Hugh Hatterick who accompanies him!"

Henry turned hastily towards the point whence his opponent was coming. Tom was quite right. Slowly and painfully he might walk, but it *was*, nevertheless, still Hugh Hatterick.

"That man has the luck and the strength of a demon," said Henry; "but what does he with Richard Langton?"

"They are better acquainted than you imagine," said Tom, "and I am sincerely glad that I am here. There is no knowing what foul play might be attempted were you alone."

Richard Langton now pressed forward more quickly. Good morning, gentlemen," he said, bowing politely, half sarcastically. "I must apologize for keeping you waiting a few moments, but my second here was unable to walk more quickly. He still feels the effects of his *accident* in the churchyard."

Henry Heathersley merely bowed, and took his position.

Tom Armstrong produced two swords, and offered to Langton the choice, as being the party challenged.

Langton shook his head. "No, no," he said, with a peculiar smile, "no, no; I will, with Mr. Heathersley's permission, fight with my own sword. It is of the same length as his to all appearance."

Henry bowed in token of consent, and the weapons were at once measured. They were exactly the same length.

"Good," said Henry, "we can commence at once."

In a few moments accordingly, having taken off their heavy and cumbersome coats, they crossed swords, and the duel began.

The eyes of both were full of fire and eager hate, but neither shone with the sinister brilliance which was observable in the eyes of Hugh Hatterick.

To him the issue of the battle was utterly indifferent in one way, and yet in another way it was full of interest.

It would prove, he hoped, the destruction of one or the other, but as both were equally his enemies, he cared little which was the victim, although if there was any choice in his mind he preferred the fall of Richard Langton as being a man who completely held him in his power.

Grimly he watched the conflict, leaning against a rocky projection, while Tom Armstrong, with arms folded, and pale face, and compressed lips, took in every point of the battle with intense eagerness and anxiety.

Both of the combatants were excellent swordsmen. In those days the use of the sword was one of the necessary accomplishments of a gentleman.

Richard Langton, cool villain that he was, soon found that he had met his match in the young heir of Heathersley, whose eyes seemed keen as those of the eagle, and whose wrist seemed formed from steel.

He got angry at last, and was not contented with the ordinary rules of duelling. He began to deal desperate blows at random, and at length, as he sprang forward rashly, Henry's sword passed through the muscles of his left arm, and he fell back with a cry of pain into the arms of his second.

Tom Armstrong at once rushed forward towards his friend.

"It is enough," he cried. "Your vengeance is now satisfied, Henry. You will fight no more."

A bitter smile crossed the face of Henry.

"If, wounded as he is, Richard Langton will confess himself a coward and an impostor," returned he, "I will forego the quarrel, otherwise the contest must continue."

"But consider," said Tom Armstrong, appealing, as a last resource, to his sense of honor, "he is wounded. It will no longer be a fair fight between you."

"This is a duel to the death," said Henry. "It must not be interrupted."

"Mr. Heathersley is quite right," said Richard Langton, "quite right. I will have my arm bound up, and the conflict can continue."

He bared his arm, and leaning with his other on his sword, stretched out the wounded member to Hugh Hatterick, who tightly tied a handkerchief round it to staunch the blood.

But scarcely had he done so—scarcely had the brandy he had hastily swallowed, had time to revive him, and enable him to return the fierce and bitter glance of his antagonist—when there was a rush of light feet, an exclamation from a voice, tremulous with fear, and Violet Armstrong flung herself upon her lover's breast.

Her soft arms wound themselves round his neck, and she gazed up tenderly in his pale and desperate face.

"Oh, Henry!" she cried. "For my sake—for our love's sake, forbear! Think what misery would be mine were you to die by this man's hand! Oh, Henry! cease this strife! Do—do, for me!"

He tried to put her gently from him, but she clung to him with all the desperate strength of affection and alarm.

"Leave me, Violet," he said. "This man has proved himself a villain and a coward, and I must punish him."

"No, no! Leave his punishment to Heaven. Against such a man you should not risk your life."

At this moment Tom also advanced, glad enough at any opportunity to stop the progress of the deadly fight. "Here is my father coming up the hill in eager haste," he said; "it is quite evident that somehow or another the duel has got wind."

Henry turned to him angrily. "I shall begin to believe, Tom," he said, "that you told of this affair yourself, and that you are the cause of their being here at this moment."

Violet eyed him reproachfully, and slowly unwound her arms from around his neck; while upon Tom's face, too, there came a cloud almost of anger.

"I am sorry you should believe that of me, Henry," he said, "though I sincerely confess that I should be glad enough if I thought that anything would stop this hateful duel. Ah, see! yonder comes another body of men. My father will tell us what it means."

As he spoke, the Harbor-master, pale and breathless, came upon the ground.

"You must leave this place," he cried; "yonder come the coast-guard, and if you are found here you will both be arrested."

"This is annoying," said Richard Langton; "I made sure of settling matters with this young braggart this morning. Perhaps this is some arranged affair, so that he might seem brave and escape injury."

Hugh Hatterick laughed as he finished binding up the wounded arm. Much as he hated Henry Heathersley, he had no wish to depreciate his courage, for he always knew a brave man when he saw one.

"No fear of that, Mr. Langton," said he; "no fear. Look at his eyes; look at the way he fought; he meant death if ever man meant it. No, no; he's no coward, and he'll meet you another time, I'll be bound."

It may be imagined that it required some presence of mind on the part of Hugh Hatterick to say these words. This was the first intimation he had had of Violet's return home, for he believed her to be hiding somewhere out of the way, and accident only had revealed her presence to him.

"I see no reason why the duel should even now be interrupted," said Langton, as he advanced, pale, even ghastly, now with loss of blood, towards his enemy. "Sir," he added, "is it your wish that we proceed?"

"It is," said Henry; "but I fear it will be impossible. My friends here have resolved to put a stop to it, and threaten to acquaint the coast-guard yonder if we proceed. But fear not. It is from no wish of mine that this has occurred. I shall be always ready, and if we can trust no one, why, we will fight without seconds, if we can but fight in peace and to the death."

Violet trembled as her lover uttered these fierce, desperate words.

But they pleased Langton.

"Very well," he said; "if these officious people are resolved to interfere with our morning's amusement—a good word that, eh?—we will adjourn it for awhile; but, mark me, I mean to meet you again, for, whatever may be the result, I desire you to remember that Richard Langton *never forgives a blow.*"

So saying, he placed his sword back in his sheath, saluted the company, and withdrew, leaning heavily on the arm of Hugh Hatterick.

"That young fellow *must* be got rid of, Hatterick," he said, as they passed away.

"Well, you have just had the chance."

"It was not my fault I missed it."

"True; but what, then, am I to suppose you to mean?" said Hugh Hatterick.

"Why, simply this: that if I cannot contrive to do for him my own way, *you* will settle him for me."

"Aye, willingly, and you with him," thought Hugh Hatterick. But he did not say this.

He only said, disguising the feelings of his dark and designing heart—

"I will see to that; but I am very sorry that this duel came to nothing."

"So am I," said Langton, "in one way."

"What mean you by that?"

"Simply this: that perhaps if I had killed him it might have given rise to awkward stories. I'd sooner have it found some day that he had fallen down the rocks and broken his neck when no one was by; there'd be a deal less scandal then."

Hugh Hatterick laughed. One of his old hideous laughs, though it sounded more hideous still coming from his pale lips, the lips that almost framed desperate curses against his companion as he moved along by his side.

"I understand what you mean," he said.

The sunlight was very bright and clear, and the ocean wavelets twinkled bravely out at sea, and shimmered prettily over the bar, and the radiant light shone on the two desperate men, and showed their features clearly.

Richard Langton stopped.

"I believe you *do* understand what I mean," he answered, significantly, "and if it were not bright morning, I might have proofs of it. However, I am not going along yonder pathway. I shall not return to the Grange to-day, but I don't like yonder cliff; there's a deep and dangerous fall there, and even with all this sunlight about, you know, one might slip, and tumble over into eternity. Not pleasant, that, eh? You are looking out for matrimony and a fortune. Good morning. We'll meet again."

And then, without further parley, the Heir-at-law quitted the side of the wrecker, and turned into a narrow path across a ploughed field.

"Curse him!" cried Hugh Hatterick, as he leaned for a moment on the gate of the meadow and looked after him. "He's pretty well more than a match for me, but nevertheless I'll be even with him. I'm strong again now, and he'll find his mistake if he fancies Hugh Hatterick's the man to let proofs stand against him, even if he had to go to the bottom of the sea to find and destroy them."

At this moment he heard footsteps near him, and saw the Harbor-master and his son and daughter, accompanied by Henry Heathersley, approaching along the road.

He rose from his leaning posture at once, and with a choking feeling of hate in his heart, turned from them and hurried away towards his home.

"A few more days," he muttered, as he turned off, "and my right arm will have its strength restored to it. Then, when I have buried my secret forever, I'll make that clean sweep of my enemies that will set me right forever."

He forgot one!

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE TRACK OF THE OLD CRIME.

It was a dark, cloudy evening, the fourth evening after the duel on the cliff, that Hugh Hatterick quitted his home, and made his way toward the place which has been mentioned as Trevegar Mount.

Strong, powerful, indomitable man as he was, he had, for the time, succumbed, and even now did not walk along the cliff-side with that fierce, proud step which had ever before characterized him.

But still, any one who met him could tell that it was Hugh Hatterick, the wrecker, by his tall, commanding form, by his proud eye, by his bold visage.

What was his errand? Why did he, who feared no one, glance round him in alarm, as he sped away through the gloom, far beyond the half-hidden entrance to the Dead Man's Cave?

He was on the track of his old crime. The murder which he had committed years before was now, as it were, rising up in judgment against him. He was going now to destroy forever the evidences of this old sin.

When he had reached a point some half a mile distant from where the false beacon light was usually shown to the despairing wretches on board the sinking ships, he saw before him a tall, rugged mass of building, through whose jagged walls the rays of the pale moon broke upon the slimy stones. This was the relic of Trevegar Mount.

He hurried on towards it, and as he did so it seemed as if he were making gigantic strides into the past, and that the old ideas and the old associations were gathering round him once more.

Again the old castle gleamed with light; again music swam out through its open casemates; again wild men and pretty women danced within, while desperate comrades in search of wealth braved the wrath of the land and the sea without.

But, thinking of one thing, he got thinking of another, and among the maidens Hugh Hatterick remembered one with blue eyes and golden hair, and light graceful form, who lay now buried beneath the still, cold waters, and his teeth clenched, and his heart grew heavy, and his brain whirled, and he hurried on more quickly than before.

The well where the deed had been done was on the other side of Trevegar Mount. A disused, sinful place it looked—courting a desperate deed, as it were, by its silence and its dreariness.

A large, round circle or pathway, formed of stones of all sizes; a framework of wood, half eaten away by time; a cross-tree, with a rotten rope twisted over it, and a broken pail, and part of a windlass lying uselessly, as if in idleness it had grown to the rest of the wretched ruin; such was the well where the harmless victim had met her death.

It had always been a dreary, out-of-the-way place, but now it was slimy and green, and overgrown with weeds, and all around was still and solemn and death-like, save for the murmur of the never-ceasing sea, which plashed its waves coldly, and slowly, and solemnly as on the night of the murder.

Hugh Hatterick had resolved to hide himself away in the ruins till dawn, and then commence the dreary work of searching for the body of her whom he had loved and destroyed eight long years before.

But although he knew full well that in the darkness which now surrounded all things nothing could be done, he yet approached the well instinctively, ere he sought refuge in the ruins.

He approached slowly; not with fear, but with a kind of awe. Even his desperate, his wicked nature, experienced some kind of emotion at this moment.

The blue eyes, as he gazed over the brick work and caught a glimpse of stagnant water shining far below, seemed to shine up at him through the darkness; the fairy form, with its golden tresses falling in wild, disorderly beauty over white shoulders, floated up to him through the intense darkness; a voice, long still, murmured old words—a hand, long cold, touched him.

At this moment the wrecker was scarcely himself. He lost for the time his recklessness, his villainous courage, and as he leaned over and gazed down at the spot where the innocent maiden lay dead, he would have prayed—if he had dared to pray—that the dead might live again.

But he was not long suffered to remain in suspense. Hardly had he remained a moment with his arms upon the tottering woodwork, when, as if rising from the ground, two figures sprang from the shadows.

"Ha! Hugh Hatterick," cried the well-known voice of Richard Langton, "we meet at a strange time, and in a strange place."

"We do," said the wrecker, feeling for his pistols. The idea of murder was over in his heart.

A dry laugh sounded near him—the laugh of old Mould, the sexton, and then a pistol clicked close to his ear.

"Have a care," said Langton, "how you deal in future with men of the world. You are not the only one who knows of the truth which, unfortunately for you, lies at the bottom of this well; neither are you the only one who carries fire-arms. They are allowed, and are useful to all. I have watched here carefully, expecting this visit. So now, having carefully reviewed matters, go home, my friend, and think that, for once in your life, you have found your master."

The wrecker made no reply, but turned fiercely away. Richard Langton's voice had lost all its jocularity, and in fact, had assumed in its tones a fierce and desperate meaning.

He followed Hugh Hatterick after a moment, when he had whispered a word to the sexton, who still held his pistol ready.

"One moment, Hugh Hatterick," he said; "you are well enough to come here, and therefore, you are well enough to do as I wished. On the third night from this, at ten o'clock, I shall be on the terrace of the Grange. See that you meet me there."

Then, with an imperious gesture, he passed away, and with the old sexton, was lost amid the ruins.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE WAY TO A NEW CRIME.

The feelings with which Hugh Hatterick watched their departure can better be imagined than described. He felt the circle gradually growing narrower and narrower round him, and all the plans he had formed failing one by one.

Through crime—crime had been his mainstay through life—he had obtained the homestead where he now resided. He had sent his brother far into distant lands to work out his living in misery and hardship; he had inveigled the Harbor-master into sin, and got him in his power; he had even formed a net-work round the Heathersleys—and now—

Where was all his fine plotting? Of what use was it to him?

Richard Langton and Henry, and the old sexton, with their united power, were more than equal to the desperate wrecker.

Hugh Hatterick was furious. He had been a desperate, bold, and reckless villain all his life—he resolved now to become an assassin.

It may be easily imagined who suggested himself as the first victim. Richard Langton certainly had him in his power; but if the sexton were dead Langton would lose the witness of the murder, and he could have the satisfaction of laughing in the face of the the one who now considered himself his master.

So poor old Mould was selected as the first victim, and the following night named by the wrecker as his last.

Hugh Hatterick drank hard all that day; and yet when the shadows of evening fell, and the time approached for the deed, no one could have told that he had imbibed any larger amount than usual. He went home early, and passed up into his bedroom. The old housekeeper whom he thought his friend, and who was, in fact, as we have seen, but a snake in the grass, came up obsequiously as usual.

"Will you want any supper, Mr. Hatterick?" she asked, glancing quickly round the room to see if her quick eyes could see anything out of the way.

"Yes," he cried, flinging his hat into a corner, and sitting down to the table, "yes, bring me up something to eat, and some ale, and then you can go to bed. I've got something particular to read."

"Very well, Master Hatterick," she said; and with a curtsey she quitted the room.

But he had not deceived her. She had noticed his white face and his wild eyes, and she resolved that, say what he might, she would not go to bed. She brought up the supper, however, as he had told her, and then Hugh Hatterick bade her good-night, and locked his door.

He longed for the deed to be over, and so he was impatient enough to be off; but he knew well that impatience would be likely to spoil his object, which was, of course, that the housekeeper should be able to swear that he was at home in his own room, when the murder was done.

He had not the patience, however, to sit there and wait long. So after the lapse of half-an-hour he passed to the window, turned down the lamp, and throwing up the sash, slid gently out, falling softly on the soil beneath. Then, with one rapid glance around, he sped away towards Trevegar churchyard, close to the entrance of which the old sexton's cottage stood.

He had no sooner arrived there than he saw that either the old man was asleep in bed or out, for not a sign of light was within and not a sound.

He tried the latch, and as he found it resist his efforts, he exerted all his strength and forced it open. He might have spared himself the trouble, for the sexton was not there.

"Curses on him," cried Hugh Hatterick, as he once more emerged into the open air, and closed the door as well as he could, "he is somewhere lurking about the tombs—and I must secrete myself."

As he said this he left the door of the cottage, and creeping through the grave-stones, neared the church.

As he did so, he saw a thin, bent figure clambering up the staircase—the wooden staircase which led outside the church up to the belfry. This was Richard Mould, the sexton.

He had been engaged in strange work that evening. He had sat reading by the light of his graveyard lantern the remainder of the diary of the dead brother of Hugh Hatterick, and as he turned out the several things in his drawers, he had come across strange relics of the past; a lock of hair; yellow letters, cracked and unsightly with age, but still bearing the impress of a hand once dear, the workings of eyes once loved!

Tears had fallen on these from the old man's eyes, dried up by the warmth of hate and anger as he read the diary afterwards; but when he had finished this, and his voice was hushed, and the sound of the gentle wind only disturbed the silence, a kind of awe fell over him, as if the shadow of the Great Destroyer were already standing between him and the sunlight of life.

"Who knows," he murmured, as he placed the papers in his bosom; "who knows what that villain, Hatterick, may attempt? He meant me no good last night, I could see that in his eyes. I'll hide these papers in the belfry, where he'll never find them, and then if he kills the old man, why he'll be none the wiser after all."

So he locked up his treasures—his faded relics of the past—and putting out the light, made his way towards the churchyard, where, of all other places in the world, he was at home.

It was customary for him to look smilingly and tenderly round upon the tombstones, as if they were a many children of his own, but on this occasion he hurried unobservantly through them.

Little did he think as he climbed the wooden stairs who was dogging his footsteps! Little did he think, as he paused to gaze out upon the moonlit sea, that among the shadows at his feet, crouched Hugh Hatterick, his most reckless and desperate foe!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DIDN'T QUITE CATCH IT.

OLD MANGELWURZEL (*to amateur artist.*)—"Mornin', sir! You be rather late in the season, bain't 'ee?"

JACK SKETCHAM.—"Yaas! Just catch the autumn tints, ye know."

OLD M.—"Catch the—? Oh, ah! I'spect you will, too. They be a good deal about—and there's been a mortal lot carried off by the complaint!"

☞ A Reading lady has "broken in" her husband thoroughly. He can now carry the baby, rock the cradle, and make very good biscuit.

☞ After this don't say "put a head on you." "It's played out." The fashionable thing now in that line is "Fit you with a tin ear."

☞ The Wayne county (Ind.) jail is just now without an occupant.

The Marriage Certificate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

"Pedigree! sir, that's the question!" said a short, dapper-looking merchant, addressing a tall, handsome young man who stood before him. "Pedigree! that is all I ask of you. Not money, not titles,—only prove yourself to be descended from a good family,—and it seems to me that is little enough to ask in exchange for my daughter,—the most precious thing I own."

"I am fully sensible of your generosity, Monsieur Duré," was the quick reply, and Lucien De Ville's hand cordially grasped that of his employer, who did not disdain to accept his head-clerk for a son-in-law, albeit he could bring no wealth with him.

"There will be no trouble about those proofs," continued Lucien; "my mother can readily supply them."

"Doubtless," replied Duré; "the certificate of your parents' marriage, and of *their* parents' again,—that is all I require."

"Thanks," exclaimed the young man, his dark eyes sparkling with joy. "Thanks! You shall never have cause to repent your goodness. Celeste will always be to me my most precious possession."

"Well, be off now, Monsieur Clerk," said the little man with the big heart. "You will find her waiting."

Lucien De Ville was an only child; save his mother, he knew no relative in the world. His father he had never seen.

Before Lucien was ushered in upon this world's wide stage, his gentle, timid mother had been thrown upon her own resources, and as far back as her idolized boy could remember, her life had been an unremitting struggle for a bare subsistence.

Lucien had attended a free-school, and while there had made good use of his naturally quick abilities.

As he grew towards manhood, he obtained a situation in the extensive establishment of Monsieur Duré.

There was a simple dignity about the boy, an honest truthfulness in his character, that gained him the good-will of the merchant, and ere long he was admitted to his employer's house as an acknowledged equal.

Monsieur Duré had one child, a daughter, a few years younger than Lucien; she was pretty, gentle, winning, and—"it was the old, old story."

Lucien came to love the young girl, and although he could not disguise from himself the fact that she by no means regarded him with indifference, yet his quick sense of honor bade him conceal his own great love.

But alas for such resolves! In an unguarded moment his secret escaped him, and the blushing girl referred him to her father.

The result of that conference we have already witnessed,—a result scarce hoped for by the young man, who was, nevertheless, too honorable to conceal from his benefactor a fact so fraught with interest to him, be the consequences to himself what they might.

The joyful interview with Celeste at length came to an end, and the lover turned his face homewards, eager to acquaint his mother with the happy issue of a love that he had hitherto sedulously concealed from her.

Lucien De Ville tenderly loved his mother, and few sons had more cause so to do than he, for all his life long had they two been all in all to each other.

She was a pale, gentle woman, with the history of some great trouble, some ever present sorrow written indelibly upon her saddened face.

But ever as her son's footsteps sounded through the comfortable home he had provided for her, the gloom would flee from her countenance, giving place to a sweet smile of love and tenderness.

Oh! how holy is a mother's love!

"Mother, I have something to tell you. Just wait a moment, though!"

And then Lucien drew a low stool to her feet and sat down upon it, resting an arm on her lap, while his hand supported his head as he looked lovingly in her face, then began his tale with a heightened color in his cheeks.

"You know Monsieur Duré has a daughter?" It was an idle question; of course she knew it, for all Lucien's precaution had not enabled him to refrain from occasional allusions to her in his conversations with his parent.

Nevertheless the latter started at the abrupt question, and gazed uneasily in her son's face.

"She is very—pretty and—good—" he continued, "and before I suspected it, I found that I loved her, oh! so dearly. Nay, my mother, do not look so sorrowfully on me! *It is all right.* I told her to-day how I felt towards her, and she—she—sent me to her father. I went to him and told him how our hearts were bound up together, and—well, I hardly know what I said. But, mother, he consented, with a mere nominal condition. Just think of it, a man of his wealth giving his only child to me, a penniless clerk, and asking no more in return but that I shall prove your and my father's marriage and those of your parents also. You know 'pedigree' has always been Monsieur Duré's hobby. Why, mother, are you sick? What is it? What can I get for you?"

The anxious son sprang to his feet as his mother sank back in her chair with a low moan, her face ghastly white, and the features twitching as though with severe pain.

"Mother, dear mother, what can I do for you?"

There was no reply, and Lucien sprang to the door with the intention of sending for a physician.

His parent stopped him.

"It is nothing," she said, "nothing at least that a doctor can remedy. Come back, my son, it is all over now."

She was indeed restored to her usual self, only that her pallid features were yet more pale, and the lips were pressed firmly together.

No word was spoken for some moments. It was Madame de Ville who broke the silence in a low, faltering voice.

"Lucien, my darling boy, you said just now, that Monsieur Duré has consented to your marriage with his daughter, on condition that you prove yourself of unspotted descent,—he must see my marriage certificate—is it not so?"

"Yes; that and your parents' certificates are all he requires."

"Lucien,"—the mother faltered and paused,—then with an effort she continued, in a hard, ringing voice—"Lucien, *I cannot give it to you!*"

It was not the words alone, but the suffering so apparent in his mother's face, that alarmed him; he rose to his feet, and with quivering lips looked into her face.

"No, no, my son, not *that*," she replied to his glance; and then, his greatest fear relieved, he sat beside her again. "Lucien," she continued, "I have deceived you all your life. Forgive me, my boy—I thought it was best to do so, and I thought I need never tell you the truth. I cannot give you the certificate, because—your father has it in *his* possession."

"How, what—my father *has* it, you say! Mother, mother, what mean you. He has been dead these twenty years and more!"

"Not so, my son. He lives."

So then she told him the bitter tale she had hoped he need never know.

After the death of her parents at an early period of her life, she had been taken, by her father's brother, into his own home.

His wife was a gay and worldly woman, passionately devoted to society, and caring little as to the quality of her guests, so that her parlors might always be thronged.

Thus it happened that Marie De Ville, young, artless, attractive, was led on, first to love, then to elope with a young nobleman—professedly one of her aunt's admirers, but in truth, a passionate devotee at Marie's shrine.

The latter well knew that her relative would bitterly resent this defection of her favorite visitor, and her timid fears induced her to yield to her lover's desire for a secret marriage.

Some months passed happily away, but gradually there came a change.

The young husband grew tired of his gentle bride, and at length he deserted her, taking with him every proof of their marriage, knowing that from the strict secrecy which had been preserved, lest, as he told his trusting wife, the proud marquis, his father, should resent his heir's course of action—she would never be able to prove her claims upon him.

True, he sent her money for her own support, and after a time, for that of her son, but these remittances she proudly rejected, and although she would gladly have died, yet for the sake of her child, who had inherited the manly grace and dignity of his father, she lived on.

There was a deep silence when she had finished her sad tale. Lucien clasped her hand firmly in his own, while his proud head was bent heavily on his breast.

All his hopes were wrecked, yet he almost forgot himself in grief and indignation for his mother's life-long sorrow, so blamelessly incurred, so patiently endured.

"What is the villain's name?" he asked sternly, for his mother had concealed it from him.

"Hush, Lucien! He is your father, and—and—I cannot forget that he *did* love me once. For his name—it does not matter, my boy. It were useless to seek him, and I would not for worlds that you should meet him, for he is as passionate as you are, my poor boy, and evil might chance."

In vain were Lucien's efforts to obtain any further information, and he at length desisted, bidding his mother an affectionate good-night as they separated to retire to their respective apartments, as may be imagined, however, not to sleep; both were too agitated to rest thus peacefully.

* * * * *

Three o'clock was sounding from the neighboring steeple, when Lucien De Ville stole softly down the stairs past his mother's door, and into the sitting-room below.

Noiselessly he obtained a light, and procuring a bunch of keys from a bookcase drawer, proceeded to open the writing desk in which he well knew his mother kept her letters, and other little mementos of her youth.

Eagerly, with fast coming breath, he examined the papers within.

"Ha! I have it! I have it now!" he murmured, as with trembling hands he untied a package of letters, old, faded and yellow.

Lucien was right.

The epistles were addressed to his mother by the Marquis De Graineaux, and were such as might have won upon the heart even of one of far less confiding a nature than she.

Lucien secured two or three of the letters about his person, replacing the others as he had found them.

On the following morning he bade his mother good-bye, and departed as usual to the store.

Reaching his destination, he told Monsieur Duré that he found himself obliged to leave Paris for a few days on business of importance for his mother.

To the latter he despatched a few lines, saying that he should be absent from home for several days, as his employer had desired him to start immediately for a distant town on affairs connected with his trade.

Then, without a moment's delay, Lucien began a series of judicious inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Marquis De Graineaux, and was ere long so far successful that he took his place that same evening in a train that whirled him swiftly towards the marquis's estates, some two hundred miles distant from the great metropolis.

A few hours later the young man was ushered into a library, where sat the owner of all the luxurious wealth that he saw around him—a tall, stately man with silvered hair, and bearing still the traces of that youthful beauty which had so powerfully aided to blind the artless Marie De Ville as to the real character of the man in whom she had trusted.

He bowed slightly as Lucien entered, and motioned him to a seat, which the latter disdainfully refused; advancing instead, until he faced the nobleman, he looked steadily in his face.

"Look well at me, monsieur!—do you know me? Have you never seen these features before?"

Surprised as he was at his visitor's strange request the marquis complied, and as he gazed on the flushed, determined face of the passionate youth, the color rushed to his own cheeks, and he slowly rose from his chair.

"Who—who—are—you, boy?" he stammered. "That brow, that eye—"

"Are like my mother's!" exclaimed Lucien, "and she—"

Fierce and angry as were the young man's thoughts, full of bitter hatred as was his heart toward the man who had so blighted his beloved mother's life—every such feeling vanished as he beheld the fearful agitation which had seized upon his listener.

"She was—my—wife!" gasped the trembling noble.

"She *is* your wife."

"*Is!* Then she still lives—my poor, wronged Marie! Thank God!"

And then the old man's grasp upon his chair relaxed, and he reeled, and would have fallen to the floor but for Lucien, who, with a heart full to overflowing, sprang forward, and placed his father gently upon a couch.

It was only a swoon. The old man was not dead, as Lucien at first feared, and his first act on recovering consciousness was to fold his arms about his new-found son, and draw him down beside him in tearful silence.

Even in the midst of his tumultuous joy, Lucien was lost in wonder.

Was he dreaming, or could this be, in reality, the man against whose fierce passions his mother had warned him. This man who was gazing so lovingly upon him?

Yes, surely it was reality—surely he was not dreaming, for even as he sought to convince himself, his father's voice sounded in his ears.

"Your mother is living, my boy! Ah! let me hear you say it again."

"I left her but yesterday, sir."

"Thank God again and again for His mercies! Now do I know that He has heard my repentant cry, and granted my prayer for forgiveness. My son, my dear son"—how caressingly he pronounced those words. "Listen to me, and then I will ask your pardon, too, and when you have given it, we will go to your mother, my poor Marie. I was a great, a miserable sinner, my son, when I married your mother. I was proud and haughty, and it was less the fear of my father's resentment, than the fear of the world's comments, which induced me to require secrecy from her as to her legal claim upon me. I took no thought for the future, and, I confess it with shame, my son—very soon I began to grow weary of the restraint your mother's goodness and purity placed upon me, and at last I left her, taking with me every proof of our marriage, that I might be safe from her claims upon me. I sent her money, but she returned it, and in less than a year I lost sight of her, and when, later in life, I saw my sin in all its heinousness, and sought to find her that I might make what reparation was in my power, I found it impossible to trace her out. It was in vain that I exhausted every means to discover her, and so at last—five years ago—I gave up the attempt, believing her dead. But now—oh! my son—the clouds have broken away, and the sun will shine upon all our lives henceforth. My boy, I have mourned night and day over my sin, and I believe that my prayers for pardon have been heard in Heaven—tell me then will you too forgive me?"

And the old man gazed eagerly into the face of the deeply moved youth before him; for a moment only, then Lucien grasped his father's hands in his own, and pressed them to his lips, while from his heart burst the glad cry.

"My father—oh, my dear father!"

One day later the repentant husband sat with his now happy wife in the latter's humble home, while Lucien, the dear tie which drew their two hearts yet closer together, entered Monsieur Duré's establishment.

"I have brought you the certificates you desired, monsieur," he said, after the usual salutations had been exchanged. "Here is that of my father and mother's marriage to examine first."

The merchant took the paper from Lucien's hand, and started as his glance fell upon its boldly written characters.

"How—what—you have made a mistake, lad!" he exclaimed. "True, the lady's name is the same your mother bears, but see, boy, *she* married the Marquis De Graineaux, one of the richest nobles in France!"

"Nevertheless this is my mother's certificate, and the marquis is my father! *Is*, I say, for although I always believed him dead, I now know that my father lives. He is with my mother at this moment."

It required no little time for Monsieur Duré to comprehend that his penniless, unknown clerk was in reality the heir to high rank and unbounded wealth; but when the truth was at last forced upon him, his countenance fell and his words grew constrained and cold.

"And now, where is Celeste," asked Lucien eagerly, as he finished his recital.

"It cannot matter to the Chevalier De Graineaux where the daughter of an humble tradesman keeps herself," was the reply.

"Why, why, my kind benefactor!" cried Lucien, "is it thus with you? Fie, fie, I had flattered myself that you thought better of me. Monsieur Duré," he added earnestly, "do not for one instant think that because my fortunes are changed, my heart can change also. No, no, Celeste is, and ever must be my most precious treasure. The trial through which I have just passed—when I believed her lost to me forever, has taught me this, and my noble father has given his cordial consent to our union. Will you withhold yours now?"

A warm grasp of the hand was an all-sufficient reply, and Lucien sprang towards the drawing-room, whence a sweet melody from the lips of the unconscious Celeste, reached his ears.

Years afterward, when Lucien's father and mother had laid down to rest, the dapper old merchant would proudly allude to "my son-in-law, sir, the Marquis De Graineaux, and my daughter the Marquise."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LYNCHING OF THE PARK MURDERERS.

LOUISVILLE, November 17.—Squire Taylor, Charles Dotson and George Johnson, the three negroes charged with the murder of the Park family, were taken out of jail at two o'clock this morning by a mob of forty persons (masked and disguised) and hanged.

ARRIVAL OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

The Grand Duke Alexis has arrived. The Russian frigate Svetland, with Alexis on board, dropped anchor near the Sandy Hook lightship shortly before midnight on Saturday, Nov. 18.

The Russian fleet was received with due ceremony by the U. S. ships comprising the reception squadron.

The reception of the Grand Duke did not come off, as was arranged, on Monday, owing to the inclemency of the weather; but on Tuesday, the 21st, a grand ovation was tendered him.

Wednesday, at noon, Alexis and suite left New York city, en route for Washington, where they arrived in the evening. The young Duke was enthusiastically cheered by the populace of the capital. The next day he was officially received by the President.

A bill for the repeal of female suffrage is now before the Wyoming Legislature—having passed one house.

The small pox is rapidly increasing in New York, 28 new cases having been reported there since Saturday noon.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20.—A coroner's jury at Wickenburg, Arizona, in the case of the recent massacre of the stage passengers by Indians, found the following verdict:—"We, the undersigned, summoned as a jury to hold an inquest on the bodies of the following named persons, found murdered in a stage coach about six miles from the town of Wickenburg, on the La Paz road, on the morning of the 5th of November, 1871, from all the evidence obtained from the two surviving passengers, find that C. S. Adams, Frederick W. Loring, Frederick W. Sohohn, John Lutz, W. C. Solomon and P. M. Hammel came to their deaths by gun-shot wounds received from the hands of Indians, who have been trailed towards the Date Creek Reservation."

Fred. W. Loring, one of those murdered, was a promising young man of decided literary ability, and was but twenty-two at the time of his death. He was the author of "The Boston Dip," a collection of sparkling verses, and "Two College Friends," a story but just published.

Nov. 21.—The grand jury of Los Angeles county, Cal., have found a number of indictments against persons charged with participation in the butchery of Chinese in the late riot in the town of Los Angeles. Most of the accused, not already in jail, have fled from the country.

The damage resulting from the sinking of the Oxford mine, at Scranton, Pa., is estimated at about nine thousand dollars.

The Athletic Base Ball Club, of Philadelphia, has been officially declared the champion club.

Nov. 22.—A terrible disaster occurred this morning on the river Thames, in Connecticut, the steamer City of New London, which left New York the previous night, being burned to the water's edge. Eight or ten persons are supposed to be lost. The spread of the flames cut off all communication with the life boats, compelling those on board to throw themselves into the water. The ill-fated steamer belonged to the Norwich (Conn.) freight line, and had a full cargo.

Aaron Hughton, of Oxford, Me., a patient in the insane hospital at Augusta, was assailed with a mallet by another patient, on Sunday, during the temporary absence of the attendant, and received injuries resulting in his death.

The Gloucester fishing fleet has suffered very severely this year, their losses having been greater than during any previous season. Twenty-two vessels of the fleet were wrecked, sunk, or abandoned, and 156 fishermen lost their lives, leaving 45 widows and rendering upward of 90 children fatherless.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—Dr. McLeod states officially that he has attended the Queen for over thirteen years, and declares that all reports that her majesty has shown symptoms of mental weakness are unqualifiedly false.

The first Roman Catholic mission ever dispatched from England to America sailed today. The party consists of four priests, whose duty it will be to labor exclusively among the colored people of the United States.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—A report comes from Liverpool this morning of a terrible disaster in the Mersey. Two ships ran into each other with such violence that both sank almost instantly. As far as is at present known all hands are lost. The names of the vessels have not yet been ascertained.

John Gribble, Secretary of the Total Abstinence Society of Brixall, publicly accuses the Queen of intoxication. The charge caused a great uproar, and the authorities have already commenced legal proceedings against the man who made it.

Nov. 21.—The magistrates at Torquay have refused the application for bail in the case of John Gribble, Secretary of the Total Abstinence Society of Brixall, who publicly accused the Queen of intoxication.

The London Times is to be prosecuted for libel in connection with comments made on the Kelley Fenian trial at Dublin.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Nov. 18.—A decree has been issued suspending the publication of the newspapers L'Avenir and Pays for printing articles insulting the Government.

PARIS, Nov. 20.—It is expected that before the end of January, 1872, France will have ten army corps, completely organized and fully supplied with improved arms, posted at the great military centres of the country.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The famine in Persia is simply dreadful. Thousands and thousands of people are daily dying for want of food. In districts remote from the frontier no help can reach the people. There are no railroads, canals, or water courses on which to run boats. The only way food can reach them is on the backs of horses or mules. There is no forage along the route. An animal could carry no more than provender enough on which to subsist till the famine district could be reached, when, with no food for the return trip, it must die. The interior of Persia will be entirely depopulated within a few weeks or months.

A small farmer, residing in the hamlet of Villebeau, Seine-et-Oise, in France, has, in a fit of mental aberration, deprived himself of sight, that he might no longer be a witness of the occupation of his country by the Prussians, who had burned down all his property in his presence, a member of his family perishing in the flames. He had often threatened that he would tear out his eyes, and everything that could be thought dangerous was kept out of his way. He, however, got hold of a book which described the Chinese method of blinding offenders of high position by placing a small portion of quicklime over the eyes and tying it down with a wet bandage. He procured some lime, applied it in this manner, and destroyed his sight.

A naval court martial is now sitting in Brooklyn to try the late commander of the U. S. sloop-of-war Plymouth, on charges of inflicting cruel and unusual punishments upon his crew. The condition of affairs upon the Plymouth, it is alleged, had become so unbearable, that while the sloop lay in the roads of Rio Janeiro there were one hundred desertions, and guard boats were stationed around the vessel with orders to shoot any of the crew attempting to go ashore. Punishments for the most trivial offences were inflicted by hoisting the culprits, tied hand and foot, into the boats and exposing them for long hours to the blazing sun. Men, it is asserted, were also punished by being placed in sweat-boxes three feet long and eighteen inches deep, and one culprit, it is alleged, was kept in this cramped condition for one hundred and twenty hours. Although the above account is probably an exaggerated description of severe discipline, yet there are said to be sufficient proofs of the unusual punishments to demand a rigid investigation as to the treatment of the crew of the Plymouth.

Prince Alexis, of Russia, is the third son of the Emperor Alexander II., and was born on January 14th, 1850. He bears the name of Alexis Alexandrovitch or Alexis, the son of Alexander. He is a Grand Duke and Chief of the Infantry regiment of Ekatherinenbourg and of the first division of the Finland fleet. The Prince Alexis has received a good German education, as well as a thorough training in military and naval tactics. He is reported as in favor of liberal principles, and as opposed to the reactionary policy of the Old Russian party, of which his elder brother, the Czarovitch Alexander, is the head.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ SENSIBLE PARENT.—A young man who serenaded his inamorata recently was rather surprised to see the father at the window who asked him if he would not come in and "take something" after his extraordinary exertions.

☞ Two feminines, driving on a plank road, were applied to for toll. "Well," says one, "how much is it?" "For a man and horse," replied the gate-keeper, "the charge is fifty cents." "Well, then, get out of the way; we are two girls and a mare. Get up, Jenny." And away they went, leaving the man in mute astonishment.

☞ The American Ham-burg—Cincinnati.

☞ In Truro, Mass., there are one hundred and five widows whose husbands were lost at sea.

☞ The singer who brought down the house has refused to rebuild it.

☞ It is proposed that at some of the churches in New York city the collections should be taken up by the young ladies.

☞ There is not any room for doubting that the coming winter is to be awful cold The prophets all say so; and the man is insane who disputes the prophets. They have found the moss growing thick on the trees, frogs standing on their heads, sunflowers pointing towards the North Pole, grape vines running around poles instead of up them, and there are a thousand other signs to show that every human being will be frozen stiff as a chip before February.

☞ The reason why they beat the drum was because it called the harp a lyre.

☞ A Charleston cat plays the piano. She has mewsic in her soul.

☞ Our belles ought to cultivate the new styles of bow. There are three in vogue now, equally unpleasant. The first is the "superbly indifferent," consisting of a slight elevation of the eyebrows and a curl of the upper lip. A second style is the "mildly melancholy," which gives the impression that the young lady has just lost her dearest friend, or dropped ice-cream on the front breadth of her new silk; the third is the "consciously guilty," hurried through as if the young lady were ashamed to be seen bowing to you.

☞ "Sarah, have any of those mischievous children been playing with the piano while I have been out of town? Some of the keys won't sound at all." Sarah.—"Please, mum, I don't know nothink about it—leastwise, Master Tom said there was something wrong with it, which he was sure there was a mouse in it. So he got Joe to hold up the cover, while he put the dorg and the cat in it; but instead of catchin' the mouse, mum, they took to fightin', and did make such a funny noise in among the wires—so, maybe, mum, the mouse is in there still, mum."

☞ Barney Buts, of the Reading Railroad, is said to be the oldest locomotive engineer in the United States. In 1837 he was running an engine from Parryville to Weatherly, the planes being then in operation. The cars were drawn up the planes by a stationary engine, and were then drawn into the Beaver Meadow mines by a locomotive engine. One day his engine would not make steam, and he was likely to be overtaken by a passenger train before he could reach the turnout. Seeing a good-sized porker beside the track, he jumped from his engine—the train was moving very slow—seized the pig, cut his throat, and stuffed him into the furnace. The fat of the pig was better than kindling-wood, and in a very short time Barney had steam up and was out of danger.

☞ Mrs. Mary Knight, of Salem, Ind., recently called about her death-bed her entire family, five sons, the youngest sixty-five and the eldest seventy-three, all of them grandfathers who had never lost one of their children. She herself was ninety-four, and had not had a day's serious illness during her entire life. The Knights are known throughout Washington county for their vigorous constitution and remarkable powers of endurance.

☞ "Nilsson chewing gum" is in market.

☞ An Illinois grave-digger, who buried a man named Button, sent a bill to his widow as follows:—"To making one Button-hole, $2.50."

☞ A clergyman in Iowa has swept away the old established rules of marrying for a fee, and announces that he shall hereafter marry by weight, charging four cents per pound for the happy man, and two cents for the bride.

☞ An old lady walking with her two grown daughters on a moonlight night, displayed her knowledge of astronomy by pointing heavenward and exclaiming, "Oh, my dears, do look at them beautiful stars, Juniper and Marchi!"

☞ A Detroit bride was unable to go through the marriage ceremony until her corset strings were cut.

☞ A fellow having a spite against a sausage-maker, rushed into his shop when crowded with customers, threw a large dead cat upon the counter, and said:—"That makes nineteen! we'll settle when you are not so busy!" and made his exit.

☞ Paris has decreed a tax of three francs a year on every cat. There will be less puss in the streets, but more rabbit in the cafes.

☞ At the close of a fashionable ball at Louisville, Ky., recently, which was kept up till three o'clock in the morning, it was found that the street cars had stopped running, and no other vehicles were to be had. The feet of the company were too much swollen to walk in tight boots and shoes, so beaux and belles pulled off the incumbrances and trudged home barefoot.

☞ Wild oats is said to be the only crop that grows by gaslight.

☞ A mischievous Pennsylvanianess dressed herself up as a man and courted the servant girl several weeks before the deception was discovered.

☞ Grace Greenwood calls Brigham Young a "mysterious, masterly, many-sided and many wived man." If his wives originated like Eve, he would need to be "many-sided" to meet the demand for ribs.

☞ Louisville boys have attained great skill with the sling. They can hit an average sized nose or ear at the distance of one hundred feet, nine times out of ten.

☞ A Wisconsin couple who have been engaged for thirty years, have never been out of jail long enough to get married.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2300 head, and sold at 6@7½c. 180 Cows brought $40@45 ⅌ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at 5@6c. ⅌ lb. 4500 Hogs sold at 6½@7c. ⅌ lb.

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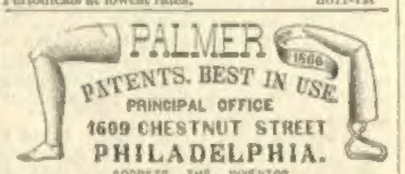

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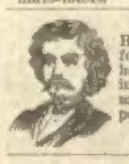

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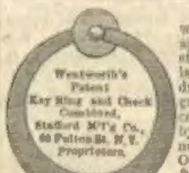

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WANTED—AGENTS to sell the Pet Sewing Machine. Price $5. Call or send two stamps for samples of work. Address Pet S. M. Co., 7 Tremont Row, Boston. no11-4t

GREAT BARGAINS IN "FOREIGN ENGRAVINGS," only 15 cents each, 3 for $1, or $10 per hundred, post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., Dealers in Novelties, No. 369 Canal St., New York City. no11-13t

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AGENTS LOOK! The Eureka Patent Linen Stamp and Card Printer, will outsell anything. A novelty everybody wants—convenient, useful, and uniquely beautiful. *Success Sure.*—$3 to $20 per day easily made. Any name, sent post-paid on receipt of price ($1.00). Liberal terms to agents. Send for Circulars to CHURCHILL & TEMPLETON, Manufacturers, 615 Broadway, N. Y. ap29-1y

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A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, a retired physician, (and by nature a chemist) discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for **Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis** and **General Debility**, when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting humanity, he will send the recipe, containing full directions for making this remedy, free, on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of **Consumption** that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels and wasting away of the muscles. Address CHADDOCK & CO., 1032 RACE Street, Philadelphia, Pa., giving name of Saturday Evening Post. oc21-3m

DRUNKARD'S STOP. SECRETLY ADMINISTERED. GUARANTEED TO CURE THE OPIUM HABIT. TEN YEARS EXPERIENCE. PROOF OF FAILURE INCLOSED. SEND STAMP FOR EVIDENCE. oc21-26t

WIT AND HUMOR.

QUEER AND INSTRUCTIVE SAYINGS OF MRS. PARTINGTON.

It was with strong emotions of wonder that Mrs. Partington read in the papers that a new wing was to be added to the Cambridge Observatory. "What upon airth can that be for, I wonder? I dare say they are putting the new wing on to take more flights arter comics and such things; or to look at the new ring of the planet Satan,—another link added to his chain, perhaps; and, gracious knows, he seems to go farther than he ever did before." She stopped to listen as the sounds of revelry and drunkenness arose upon the night air; and she glanced from her chamber, over the way, where a red illuminated lantern denoted "Clam-Chowder." Why should she look there just at that moment of her illusion to Satan? What connection could there be in her mind, between Satan and clam-chowder? Nobody was present but Ike, and Isaac slumbered.

Mrs. Partington was in the country one August; and, for a whole month, not one drop of rain had fallen. One day she was slowly walking along the road, with her umbrella over her head, when an old man, who was mending up a little gap of wall, accosted her, at the same time depositing a large stone upon the top of the pile. "Mrs. Partington, what do *you* think can help this 'ere drought?"

The old lady looked at him through her spectacles, at the same time smelling a fern-leaf. "I think," said she in a tone of oracular wisdom,—"I think a little rain would help it as much as any thing." It was a great thought. The old gentleman took off his straw hat, and wiped his head with his cotton handkerchief, at the same time saying that he thought so too.

"Diseases is various," said Mrs. Partington as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs. It is dreadful to think of, I declare! The diseases is *so* various! One way, we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way, of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the œsophagus, and there another kills himself by discovering the jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any diseases now-a-days. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away." Fifteen minutes afterwards, Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar-window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

"Does Isaac manifest any taste for poetry, Mrs. Partington?" asked the schoolmaster's wife while conversing on the merits of the youthful Partington. The old lady was basting a chicken which her friends had sent her from the country. "Oh, yes!" said the old lady, smiling: "he is very partially fond of poultry, and it always seems as if he can't get enough of it." The old spit turned by the fire-place in response to her answer, while the basting was going on. "I mean," said the lady, "does he show any of the divine afflatus?" The old lady thought a moment. "As for the divine flatness, I don't know about it. He's had all the complaints of children; and, when he was a baby, he fell, and broke the cartridge of his nose: but I hardly think he's had this that you speak of." The roasting chicken hissed and sputtered, and Mrs. Partington basted it again.

TAKE A CHAIR.

A Chicago lover went to visit his girl one evening recently, but for some reason, possibly that the fire had materially changed his condition in life, she received and treated him coolly. He remained standing in the parlor a few moments, but finally made a movement toward the door, remarking that "he guessed he'd go." "Oh!" said she, starting from a beautiful condition of semi-unconsciousness, "won't you take a chair?" "Well, I don't care if I do," was his reply; and he took the chair, thanking her kindly, and carried it home. He says it is a good chair, made of walnut, with stuffing, and green cover—just what he wanted. But he is down on that girl—and declares he wouldn't marry her—not if her father owned a brewery.

Patrick, annoyed by a bowling dog in the night, jumped out of bed to dislodge the offender. It was in mid-winter, when the snow was three feet deep. He not returning, his wife ran out to see what was the matter. There she found her husband in his night suit, his teeth chattering, and his whole body almost paralyzed with cold, holding the struggling dog by the tail. "Holy mother, Pat," said she, "what wud ye be after doin'?" "Hush," said he, "don't ye see? I'm tryin' to fraze the baste?"

The following conversation recently took place in a West-End music establishment between a junior partner in the firm and a pretty girl who desired to purchase some music: "Will you have the goodness to name some of the newest songs to me?" "Do you know 'Love's Longing?'" "That I know." "Have you had 'The First Kiss?'" "Yes, I have already had that." "Fly With Me and Be My Wife?" "That would suit me very well."

Very Lucid.—Dr. Johnson, when a lady who travelled with him in a carriage remarked that she could not hear him in consequence of the noise, is said to have answered: "Madam, the stripetuosity of circumrotary motion renders the modulations of ordinary discourse inaudible; and the cartilaginious materials which compose our auricular members become stultified to the exercise of their natural functions."

A hardy seaman, who had barely escaped drowning by shipwreck, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves rolled over him. He replied, "Wet, ma'am; *very* wet."

"What are you doing there?" said a grocer to a fellow who was stealing his lard. "*I'm getting fat*," was his reply.

A dandy in broadway, wishing to be witty, accosted an old man as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes, jump in, jump in."

An Honest Claim.—A Vermont girl, who sued a false lover for breach of promise, laid the damages at forty dollars. In court, in answer to the inquiry why that particular sum had been named, she answered, that counting the time she had spent "sitting up" with him as worth at the rate of nine shillings per week, she had figured up the hours passed in his company, and adding the value of candles and wood consumed, she had found that it was the amount due. There was no doubt in the mind of the judge that her claim was an honest one, and a verdict was rendered accordingly.

☞ The Vatican has a wax candle whose weight is 2,700 pounds.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 4.

DOLES AS A DETECTIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

What a comical, laughable picture. We stood, or sat, around, watching Doles as he tried to get at the amount of gold in a bowlful of dirt, by looking over to the slopes and copying the Sonoranian style. Squatted upon his haunches in the the very attitude of beginning the old game of "leap frog," he held his washbowl between his knees and scooping up handsful of dirt puffed into it the breath of his lungs.

"I can't progress this way, boys, I am dizzy-headed already. I couldn't blow out a bushel of dirt in a lifetime. By jingo! we've got to wait for the rains to show us our gold."

He had watched the other diggers, who wanted a little dust to play poker and other tricks that are vain with, and taking their attitude, he had puffed out his cheeks, stared open his eyes so as to see the gold, or get them filled with dirt, and gave it up as a bad job in half an hour.

We had taken up the habit of telling our experiences in the evenings, and so some one said—

"Your turn to-night, Doles."

For immediate reply he whistled,

"I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep."

"You are not going to get off in that manner;" said Charley Brand.

"No? what shall it be?"

"A love experience," suggested one."

Doles flickered those curious eyebrows of his about, now up, now down, and sent his eyes scouting about to see who had been so audacious in their proposition.

"Some people believe in autobiographies, and perhaps I ought to biography, but not in the present mood."

"What then?"

"Suppose I tell you of a bit of experience when I was acting as embryo detective several years ago?"

"Do tell it," we unanimously exclaimed, believing that any experience of our court jester must be racy.

Doles lighted that inseparable pipe, hung his hat upon that aforesaid invisible peg near the small brain, and disposing the rest of his "mortal coil" in easy position, began:—

Our section of country was flooded with counterfeit money. It puzzled the wisest heads to account for so much circulating pewter; (for be it known, the counterfeits of those days were not on the legal tender—and *very tender* it often is—of this present demoralized age.) One thing was certain—there was a nest of counterfeiters somewhere in our midst, carrying on extensive operations.

For some time I had been seeking, in several ways, to win a reputation, but it was up-hill work—the Doles having neither illustrious pedigree, nor a family coat-of-arms. As a last resort, I attached myself to the corps detective. I had succeeded in several "dig-outs" in the cities of P—— and A——, and was now on the track of some fresh offenders against the statutes.

I had run around and around, found a trail and lost it again—doubled on my track, and was sure that I was heading right at last.

Our corps of detectives differed as to the local habitation of the large band of rascals. Some thought they carried on their devices in an underground den in one of the large cities. I thought it might be somewhere in a remote section of country; following up this idea, behold me seated in the stage of the period, bundled up hugely about the throat, being a trifle asthmatical, as I affirmed, with a gruff wheeze to any one who seemed anxious to know why I wore my clothes mostly around my head and neck.

"The stage was a huge one, but jammed to its utmost with passengers. Late in the fall, you know, and they were getting home to Thanksgiving.

Opposite me sat a young girl, who, for the time, had donned a very serious, dignified expression, being all among strangers, and the youngest and prettiest of all the passengers. She was as blooming as a poppy with a laughing velvety brown eye. My next neighbor on the right was an angular, sallow, wizened woman, who, in the sparse fluffy curls on each side of her thin temples, showed that the patent right had been accorded her—"Old maid without improvements." "The regular mother of vinegar," I said to myself, at the same time anathematizing the huge scarf that obstructed the vision of the beauty opposite. Her next left hand neighbor was one of those huge, red-faced, portly fellows who had been years before a bachelor by profession, a "roaring lion" by trade, and who now in his later years had been overtaken by obesity, and by rewards of merit in the form of huge toddy blossoms on his nose. You see him painted life-size at street corners and in oyster-shops all over the land. Two others were inside—one a young fellow with his visor up, and wearing a flashy neck-tie and a ring upon his little finger.

"This is no countryman," I said to myself, leastwise, if so, the city taint clings to him, for he was a type royal of squads of fellows who exist without any means of support, and who under proper culture become the "rip-raps" of society.

"Heavens!" I aspirated, behind my comforter, "if he is a boy gone out from a country home, like too many of our young fellows, to find employment in the city, his return will stab his mother to the soul." What relation the woman beside him bore to himself it was difficult to determine.

She was considerably older, or had been early struck with mildew, for only her rich and fashionable attire made her passable. Without it she would have been simply a middle-aged hag, nothing more, nothing less. They were very sociable—that is, she talked much, affecting a languid drawl, and frequently drawing forth her perfumed handkerchief from her reticule, much to the disgust of the old chap with the blossom-out nose.

My instincts as a detective fastened my attention upon these two. Sometimes I knew people returning from employment in the city at the season of the holidays, loaded themselves with airs to discompose the unfortunate persons who did not get beyond the country limits. I hoped to see more of them. I was hugely interested.

At Wells we changed horses. The same number remained in their old positions. We were not to tarry here for refreshments, it being not yet sundown, but would get forward as far as possible into Somerset, and then haul up for the night.

We found the roads abominable. It was late in autumn, and heavy rains, hard freezes, and thawing had "hove" the ground badly, bringing our pace on a level with the snail.

The old maid had asked some questions of the flashy young man, but not finding him attentive, had retreated against the side of the vehicle, and closed her eyes upon the scene. The man with the red nose after being unsuccessful in attempting to interview the pretty girl, had settled as far as possible into his standing collar and prepared to *doze*.

The other four of us inside passengers were intensely awake. The masculine and feminine genders at the farther end were in an eager whispered conversation. I peeped from my mufflers like a rat from his hole; the little girl opposite was fidgeting in an uncongenial atmosphere.

I was just picturing to myself her emotions in case I could instantly dash off my accoutrements and presents your affable servant in all the attractiveness of his huge mustache and twenty-five years; when the female with a patent on her, began to nod in an aimless and mysterious manner. The meaning was soon obvious. She unintentionally slept. In mortal fear lest her loosely shuffling head should slide upon my shoulder, I hugged more closely into my corner. In less than ten minutes the plethoric man was emitting direful strains from some sort of an apparatus concealed in his nose. Immediately the pantomime began in earnest. They nodded and shrugged and jerked their heads towards each other, going through a mystical volume of signs. I began to feel my risibles get the upper hand of me. But so long as I could not laugh asthmatically, I did not wish to laugh at all. It wasn't on my programme. I glanced across to the young girl. There was the drollest expression on her face, a desire to laugh being uppermost.

The spinster had, as part of her luggage, a blue cotton umbrella. For safety she had laid it across her lap at an angle of forty-five degrees, and even in her dreams she was still holding to her whalebone friend.

The portly man, cognizant in sleep of the appearance of his shining tile, gradually jerked himself from the side of the carriage, tilting forward upon his cane. The road grew rougher, the stage gave some tremendous bounces, the sleeping parties swayed about more loosely in their seats, and I saw that a collision was pending. I might have prevented it, only I was too convulsed with laughter. The pretty girl was trying to find something on which to rest her eyes, but they continually centred back upon these two people who were nodding to each other in such a confidential manner.

The old stage was to blame. It sank into a rut on his side, bounced out of it into a rut on her side, giving prodigious momentum to limber spines. The collision was instantaneous. The ferule of the spinster's umbrella punched the fat man directly in the Adam's apple, and darted under his cravat, where it held on. His glasses hooked on to the spinster's fluffy curls, and were jerked off.

"Murder! thieves!" yelled the choking victim.

"Hi! hi! help!" screamed the spinster, as they glared around, but half awakened with the shock.

John stopped his horses at the tumult, to which the couple at the farther end praiseworthily assisted.

Myself and *vis-a-vis* had forgotten them, while awaiting the results of the mystical nods. Whatever they had been saying to each other, or what they were about, it was impossible to tell, but they added a startled cry to the tumult, and no sooner did John open the door than the young fellow leaped out.

"What's this all about?" asked the driver, in anxious alarm.

My coughing and laughing, already not well mixed, forbade me from replying, but the young girl explained matters. The spinster snatched her garroting umbrella away; the big man tore at his glasses, and materially damaged the spinster's frontispiece; the scared young man got in again, and we moved on.

I wasn't near enough strangled before, but when the girl drew out a paper of peppermints and passed them to me to stop my dreadful coughing, I took one and nodded my thanks, and thrust it into my mouth, drawing in my breath at the same time, and thus got the confectionery started for the windpipe, which mishap so accelerated my cough, that she got up with the idea, I know, of pounding me on the back.

"Take care! Sit down!" I gasped, in such an altered tone, that she sank upon her seat, the picture of blank astonishment not unmixed with terror.

After this, quiet reigned until we stopped at Oxford. Here we all partook of a hearty supper, and the other stage coming up, all but myself resumed their journey; not until the two outside passengers—whom I have had no occasion to mention—and myself had exchanged a meaning glance.

I made a good deal of snuffling about the cold, said I supposed that I should have to stay more than a week thereabouts before I got over the effects of that jolting; and with much fuss and splutter got to my room as soon as a fire could be kindled.

My stopping place was a dingy inn in a straggling country village. Careful observation and many confirming circumstances led me to be certain that I was in close proximity to the den of the rogues.

The next day, still bundled up about the throat, still wheezing and puffing, I hitched about the bar-room, borrowed a hammer, had left mine somewhere on the route back, and with my old bag, already half full of pebbles, went out ostensibly in search of more.

I had harangued a group of idlers about the bar-room, talking loud and sniffling often, upon the wonders of geology; thought it a pity that they could find time to smoke cigars, but no time to pore over the wonders of creation.

I went out with a shocking gait, my knees interfering at every step, and had the satisfaction of hearing one name me "Old Crackey."

In the next ten days I prospected extensively, coming back at night crouching 'neath my weight of rocks.

A creek, being a small arm of the river, made up close to this inn. Close up under the sedges a boat was moored. This was a suspicious circumstance. No one used it in the day time, for I kept an eye upon it, but every morning the oar-blades were soaked with water. The boat was used at night.

Besides this, two or three days after my arrival the stage brought back the flashy young man and the old girl. I managed to be in the bar-room, making myself disagreeable about some hot drink, I asserting vigorously that the sheets on my bed had been damp the night before, and while I growled and mutte-red and stirred my "composition," making myself odious, my host was handing out several rolls of heavy matter—suspicious-looking rolls, that might be parcels of dollars, or sticks of Russia salve, to the flashy young man. Meanwhile I heard the words, "No difficulty—disposed of," which again might apply to the salve; but there was a peculiar lifting of the eyebrows of the two parties that signified something.

Four days after this interesting couple went off in the stage, I could have taken oath that in returning with my usual pile of stones I met, dressed in workman's blouse and tow trowsers, this same flashy young man. It gave me a stitch in the side to hold on to my rocks, so that he could not catch a glimpse of my face. What did it mean? I had better look sharp. I did. I found an out-building that puzzled me to some extent.

The inn was two stories high, with two wings stretching easterly. My chamber fronted the south and east. Southerly it looked over the straggling village. Easterly it gave a view of the creek, the surrounding country, and the longer Southern L. or wing.

I resolved to watch by my window one or two nights, and see if I could discover anything new or strange. The first night, at midnight, I discovered a smoke, thin and white, issuing from the before-named out-building. The next night at the same hour the same blue smoke wound up on the clear autumn air.

On the third morning after seeing the smoke, I prospected about the premises. The L stretched along one story in height, a little northerly from my window range, and terminated on the east, close to the creek, in a lower portion—a small, square, tight building. There was no door upon either of the three sides which showed themselves, and making one of my foolish expeditions in quest of a stick of wood that I knew wasn't in the wood-house, whereby to give the gaping idlers in the tap-room a test of my extraordinary researches as regarded lapses of time and growths of wood, I found what I expected, that there was no entrance from the wood-house into this out-building. I must look for it elsewhere. Of course I got laughed at for not finding what I affirmed was there, and growling at them I savagely withdrew.

I next hunted for specimens upon the shores of the creek. I found that a little to the south of the creek, among a thicket of leafless shrubbery, was the mouth or opening of what seemed like a huge drain or sewer. This, then, was their manner of ingress and egress.

That day, cold and blustering as it was, I strode off over the rocky pastures and met a fellow with whom I had an appointment. I had met him every three days since I had been stopping at the inn. He was one of the outside passengers whom I have heretofore mentioned, and belonged to the corps detective.

"Well, Doles," said he, as we retreated into a sort of natural cavern, "how do you get on with geology?"

"Better than I do with all this toggery about my jugulars. I don't know how in creation I am ever to shed all this bedding after wearing it so long."

I then as rapidly as possible made known my discoveries, and we both agreed that immediate action must ensue. The breath of a suspicion reaching them and our labor would be for nothing. He agreed to be ready in almost a moment's warning to get me any amount of help from C——, but I must first know their strength.

We parted. He was to meet me in another direction on the following day when my plans would be settled.

That night came on darker than a very dark pocket. I racked my brains until every artery beat with nervous pain to know how I should get a glimpse of the gang of rogues and guess their strength.

There was but one way—and that I rejected as soon as it came in sight. I could not get up by means of a ladder, nor work my way up the huge sewer without fear of detection. What then. Why the proposition that I had scouted at first. To swing out of my window upon the other roof, and work my way along the ridge-pole until I could look down upon this mysterious out-house. "For," said I to myself, "I'll bet that there is a skylight in the roof of it where some of the rascals remain at work in the day time packing their coin and preparing for the evening's minting."

But what if a chance stroller should see me? The thought started the perspiration. I must get my window up and prospect. There had been a drizzle in the morning, which had cleared up and dried off later in the day, only there was sleet about the shaded window-sills.

I tried to raise my sash. It stuck fast. I tried again. It moved a trifle. I now prepared for one of those huge efforts when every muscle in the body endeavors to throw its strength into the finger tips. Hunching my shoulders and drawing in my breath, I gave a mighty upward jerk. It resulted in bringing my knees on to the carpet, and my chin on to the window-sill with sufficient force to insure compound fracture. I stopped to breathe and rub my stinging chin. I would not be balked thus. I jerked and jarred until the obstinate thing yielded. But when it went up it squealed as if I was squeezing the very deuce between the sashes. Interesting for a silent expedition. There was nothing for it but to sacrifice my pitcher of water, so that if any one did hear the window go up they would take this for the explanation. Then I listened. Nothing was stirring but my own hair in the sharp east wind. I should have to trust my fortune in catching my toes upon the gutter at the eaves, for I should leap by faith instead of sight.

The noise might arouse any one if they slept in the chamber, but I must risk it. I crawled out of my window, clung by the sill and sent one foot exploring. My toes touched the gutter. Then slipping one hand over to the fastening of the blind I managed to bring my centre of gravity over the roof and let go. Well, I was *on* the roof; the next thing would be to get off. I crawled up over the shingles until I mounted the ridge-pole. I worked my way along carefully until I reached the end of the higher wing. I looked downwards. I had been right in my suppositions. There was a skylight, and across its thick pane flickered a yellow light from some blaze below.

It was past midnight, but my quickened ears could distinguish the chink, chink below me. The rogues were at work. I wheeled about on my wooden steed and rode back to the region of my window. Feeling for the small fastening of the blind, I steadied myself by it—or imagined that I did—for did you ever notice how a person's faith would hold them up by a nail, which five pounds' weight would snap off—leaned over until I was in danger of toppling to the ground, I clutched my window-sill, and drawing myself up like a "jumping Jack," leaped into the room.

So far, so good; only the dew must have fallen during the expedition, or else the sweat started from every pore, for I had a feeling of dampness about my clothing. But I will hasten. I met my partner on another route as agreed. He was to have a posse of officers come cautiously up at midnight and station themselves among the leafless shrubbery about the house, although I felt that such precautions were really unnecessary, as the creek, I was sure, was their "road to travel." Half a dozen trusty fellows were to take possession of the boat and guard the creek, and so with our signals agreed upon we separated until night.

I waited impatiently for the sequel. The night came on clear, cold and still, not a night made to order, but then we must not delay. Near midnight, if no alarm had been given, I was to wave my light across my window. They were to show a small light for an instant at the mouth of the creek That was to be the "all right" to each other. After that I was to startle the remainder in some manner, when they would naturally take for the creek and spring our trap. But the way of alarming them was what had puzzled me considerably. I had finally concluded that I would halloo from one side or the other of the building, and as rogues are always cowards they would probably hasten outside to see what was up and dash for the creek. We would get them any way which they might choose to run.

First, I would reconnoitre. I sprang upon the roof from my window, not so fearful now if I did make some noise, and scrambled up to ride upon the ridge-pole. Once out to the end and not being overcautious as to their hearing me, I thought to myself that by rising to my feet and extending my neck I could see the rascals at their employment. By this means I hit upon a novel method of alarming them and getting them to dash from their den, for let me tell you the glimpses that I obtained for one instant of the fierce, grizzled faces, convinced me that attacking them in their lair would make a waste of blood. I said that in the glimpse which I obtained for an instant, I hit upon a novel mode of alarm. The clear coldness of the night had already delivered a white frost by express order of old Boreas, so that I no sooner arose to a standing posture than my left foot charged down upon my right, knocked my perpendicular into a horizontal, and with a swoop in the style of our spread eagle, I crashed through that skylight, landed square, with the edges trimmed a little, upon their table, and scattered the rascals as a cat-ball would a handful of fluff. With a concentrated howl they went down the trap-doorway six double, while a brilliant meteoric display still continued before my eyes. I got out after them as quickly as possible. They rushed for the creek. They rushed into the arms waiting to receive them. It was the most complete capture ever known. Eight rascally thieves, who had taken the bread from starving children's mouths by putting their worthless money in unsuspecting hands.

I got five hundred dollars for the job; and in the uproar, while the inmates of the house were aroused, I got back to my room, muffled myself in my old garb, snuffled and spluttered at everybody, paid my bills two days after, and went off with my load of rocks. One of the tricks of the trade is to conceal the tricks, else old snuffy men would be shunned and eccentricities suspected, and the trade fall into disrepute.

The landlord was implicated, of course, but was not sentenced for lack of proof.

My flashy young man and his old girl companion were active accomplices, travelling far and wide and circulating the coin.

That was all; but Doles commenced laughing provokingly to himself.

"And the pretty girl of the coach?" questioned Felix, "What became of her?"

"Hanged if I know; I don't take kindly to the craft, and certain people"—nodding heavily towards Felix, "think that they cannot have an entertaining mental dish without just so much pretty girl hashed in. Faugh! There is no accounting for tastes."

His laughing still went on.

"What is it?" some one asked.

"Nothing, only I was wondering what those fellows thought when I came in without knocking. An eruption of Vesuvius couldn't equal it; and how would it work for the generals of an army to load their howitzers with soldiers and discharge them into the midst of the enemy."

After seeming to study upon it a moment, Charlie Brand soberly replied. "The gun that you were put into, Doles, would explode."

"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED, MUST BE ENDURED."

The Incorrigible Street Boy. "O, my eye! 'ere's a 'elmet! And there's a little cove underneath; I can just see his legs!!"

[*Short Grenadier has need of all his Self-Possession.*

RECEIPTS.

Cream Meringues.—Four eggs (the whites only) whipped stiff, with one pound powdered sugar. Lemon or vanilla flavoring. When very stiff, heap in the shape of half an egg, upon stiff letter-paper lining the bottom of your baking-pan. Have them half an inch apart. Do not shut the oven door closely, but leave a space through which you can watch them. When they are a light yellow brown, take them out and cool quickly. Slip a thin-bladed knife under each; scoop out the soft inside, and fill with cream whipped as for Charlotte Russe. They are very fine. The oven should be very hot.

Potato Chips.—Wash and peel some potatoes, then pare them, ribbon-like, into long lengths; put them into cold water to remove the strong potato flavor; drain them, and throw them into a pan with a little butter, and fry them a light brown. Take them out of the pan, and place them close to the fire on a sieve, lined with clean writing-paper, to dry before they are served up. A little salt may be sprinkled over them.

Answers to Correspondents.

To Contributors.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

Frank (Green Bay, Wisconsin,) writes: "I have noticed several times in accounts of the recent fires in this region, that the theory was broached that 'a large amount of inflammable gas had been generated in the air by the long continued fires in the woods; the gas took fire, and its combustion created the tornado.' Is this a correct explanation, and is it possible for burning forests to make such gas, and in such quantities as to fill the whole upper air with it? It does not seem possible—and yet it is a plausible theory. I should very much like to hear your opinion on the subject. Also, would you be kind enough to tell me if there is any work now published equal in scope, and similar in character, to '*Gregory's Mathematics for Practical Men*,' published about 1844?" The inventors of the theory mentioned, have some scientific grounds upon which to work; but their conclusions are not correct, and are liable to create a wrong view of the case. The action of the heat of combustion on inflammable matter, is to drive off the more volatile portions of the combustible in the form of gas. But this gas is exceedingly inflammable—and if the heat be sufficiently great, it takes fire and burns, producing the phenomena of flame. Thus it is only in a smouldering fire, where the temperature is comparatively low, that the gaseous material can escape. In the case of the burning forests the flames which ascend into the air are the burning gases, set free by the heat of combustion. Gas may be thus said to be generated by the conflagration—but as it is immediately consumed, the result you speak of cannot appear. There is no doubt that strong winds are caused by extensive fires. Such fires need vast volumes of oxygen to sustain their combustion—and to procure this, the air is drawn from all around into the burning circle. In such cases as that of the North-West fires these draughts of air may well become powerful winds, though it is doubtful if they could become such violent gales as attended the Chicago fire. We do not know of any later work that will supersede the one you speak of.

J. W. R. (Hartland, Ia.,) writes: "I have a few queries for your correspondents' column, and hope you will please be so kind as to answer them as soon as convenient. 1st. Between what two places was the first Marine telegraph cable laid and at what time completed? 2d. When and where was the first telegraph put into successful operation, and who was the inventor? 3d. What is the meaning of the word 'blazing?' I find it in a paragraph of the Post for Oct. 28th. 4th. Which was the 14th State admitted into the Union? 5th. What is the name of the oldest city in the world, and also the oldest in North America? I have many more questions I would like to ask, but I fear that I have already tried your patience and trespassed upon your time?" Don't be afraid to send along your questions. We will answer them to the best of our knowledge and ability. In reply to your first query, the earliest successful Marine cable was laid from Dover to Calais in 1851. 2d. The first Electric Telegraph on record was invented by M. Lesage, at Geneva, in 1782. The first, however, which can claim to be an approach to the modern system of telegraphy was invented by Ampere in 1820. It was based on the same principle employed in the English system of Cooke and Wheatstone. The first perfect instrument was invented by Steinheil in 1837. In the same year the Morse system was successfully operated, in America. 3d. The word "blazing" is used to designate a disgraceful practice in vogue at our colleges, and governmental schools. The senior classes at those schools have long been in the habit of subjecting new pupils to great indignities, or "baxing" them, in the technical term. A determined effort is now making to bring this practice to an end, and a number of dismissals have lately been made, on this account, from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. 4th. Kentucky, in 1792. 5th. Your question cannot be answered positively. Among the oldest cities whose sites are still inhabited may be classed Jerusalem, Damascus, Sidon, Tyre, Aleppo, &c. Probably still older are the Phœnician cities of Byblus and Berytus, now known as Jebeil and Beirut. If you refer to historical cities, "Ur of the Chaldees" is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, city of which anything is known. Some of the ruined cities of Egypt may possibly be older. Mexico is probably the oldest of existing cities in North America. The ruined cities of Yucatan may be much older, though it is impossible to fix any probable date to them.

J. M. P., (Philada.,) writes: "I have lately witnessed a very interesting play, called "Jane Eyre, the Orphan of Lowood," Who was Jane Eyre? Is she a character founded on fact, or did the dramatist get her from the depths of his imagination? Also the Lord Rochester of the play? Please answer in your column of correspondence." Jane Eyre is neither a real person, nor is she a product of the dramatist's imagination. You cannot be much of a novel reader, or you would be better acquainted with Charlotte Bronte's celebrated novel of *Jane Eyre*, from which the playwright has taken bodily, person and plot, of his play. He has gone still further in the second case, raising the plain Mr. Rochester of the book into the ranks of the peerage, by creating him a Lord.

Jonah, (Columbus, Ohio,) asks: "Do you think Chicago will be rebuilt? Do you think it ought to be rebuilt? Would not an attempt to do so be a direct flying in the face of Providence, who has marked by this awful burning His wrath at this iniquitous city?" Is not Jonah slightly bigoted and old-fashioned in his views of the action of Providence? We do think that Chicago will be rebuilt, for the people out there have an energy that will make little of four square miles of ruins. It is likewise our belief that Providence will make no direct interference in the matter. We might as well claim that this disaster has been ordered to show the goodness of human nature, as to admit your theory that it is a punishment for human wickedness. It has certainly produced a striking exhibition of the charity and fellowship of mankind.

Ralph (Rahway, N. J.) asks: "Will the Post oblige me by informing me of the origin and meaning of the word 'Loco coo,' and how it gained its political application? Also, who were the Mameluke?" The word Locofoco was applied in America to the Lucifer matches, and is derived from the Latin *Locofacti, in lieu of fire*. At a grand meeting at Tammany Hall, New York, in 1834, the lights were suddenly extinguished, with the purpose of breaking up the meeting. But those who were in favor of extreme measures instantly produced Lucifer matches and relit the hall. From this event the term Loco foco was applied to the ultra Democratic Radicals. Mameluke comes from an Arabic word, meaning a slave. It was given in Egypt to the slaves of the boys brought from the Caucasus, and formed into a standing army. These slaves in 1254 elected one of their number to the supreme power, this Mameluke kingdom, after enduring several centuries, was overturned by Selim I., Sultan of Turkey, in 1811. Mohammed Ali, in 1811, trapped the Mameluke power to an end by a wholesale massacre.

RIDDLER.

CHARADE.

Water soft is my first, water hard is my second,
Sticks made of my whole are by many sweet reckoned.

WORD SQUARE.

A domestic animal.
Plural of the substantive verb to be.
A number.

JOHN.

COMPOUND INTEREST QUESTION.

In what length of time will any sum of money, being put out on compound interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum double itself? The last year to be a leap year of 366 days.

☞ An answer is requested. X

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is kissing your sweetheart like eating soup with a fork? Ans.—Because it takes a long time to get enough of it.

☞ When may a man be said to be literally "immersed in his business?" Ans.—When giving a swimming lesson.

☞ What prevents a running river running right away? Ans.—Why, it's tied up!

☞ What river is ever without a beginning and ending? Ans.—S-ever-n!

☞ What is the coldest river? Ans.—The Ice is (Isis.)

☞ What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upwards? Ans.—An icicle.

☞ Why is a pair of skates like an apple? Ans.—Because they both have occasioned the fall of man.

☞ Why are the measles like fresh mackerel? Ans.—They run in schools, and have to be caught before they can be had.

☞ When is a black dog not a black dog? Ans.—When it's a greyhound.

☞ Why is a barrel of beer like a prize-fighter? Ans.—Because it is a brew, sir, (bruiser.) The party who built that conundrum should be presented with a 24 foot ring.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

CHARADE—Life, boat—*Lifeboat*.

G A M E
A B E T
M E A T
E T T A